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# THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XVI. NO. 1. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1897.—SIXTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.


## A. O. H. GOSSIP.

### A Pleasant Gathering of the Order to Welcome the State Officers at East St. Louis, St. Clair County, Ill.

**A Varied and Interesting Programme—Some Reflections On the New Year, and Advice to Irishmen as to Methods of Patriotic Procedure.**

East St. Louis was alive with Hibernians from Illinois and Missouri on Sunday, the 20th ult. The city on the eastern shore of the Mississippi is the home of State Secretary Dan McGlynn, and he had marshaled his hosts to welcome State President J. T. Keating and Brother John J. Mahony, treasurer of Div. 6, of Cook County. The occasion was made one of general reunion of the A. O. H. of St. Clair and Macoupin counties, as well as the Ladies' Auxiliasies attached to the same. Invitations were extended to the brothers in the metropolis of St. Louis. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the spacious division hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and it was with difficulty the escort could make a passage through the throng to enable the visitors to take the seats reserved for them on the platform. Among those present were noted Mesdames D. McGlynn, Hilly, Nash, Small, M. J. Walsh, Burke, Flynn, Murphy, Roche, Misses Tierney, W. Walsh, M. Walsh, F. Walsh, K. Walsh, Mulqueeney, Higgins, Coffey, Scully, McInerny, Tierney, and Messrs. Hannafin, Breen, McGlynn, Ard, Wallace, Breen, Murphy, Byrne, McDonald, Sullivan, Enright, Kelley, and many others. One of the first to greet the Chicago men was P. C. T. Breen, of old prominent among the Cook County Hibernians. The veteran is as devoted today as in the past in the work of the Order. Past State Treasurer Hannafin was present with many of the old timers, who kept the fire lighting long before Chicago had a division organized among the Irishmen of its population.

A programme, including [illegible] superior musical numbers, was submitted and enjoyed by the audience. The singing of Master Hannafin and the little Misses Walsh was indicative of high culture and splendid voices. The particular star of the evening was State Secretary Dan McGlynn and his address of welcome. The speech was a coruscation of oratorical gems, which caused the abashed visitors to bow their heads in vain efforts to conceal their blushes. If Brother Dan is as happy in his legal speeches as in his society addresses his clients will be legions in numbers. The visitors spoke on the needs of the Order and the necessity of earnest co-operation among all Irish societies of America. The remarks of the visitors were warmly received and the audience showed its appreciation of the ideas suggested for the future development and improvement of the Order as well as the linking together in new bonds of common interest and devotion the many kept asunder by misunderstanding and unacquaintance.

The reunion at Div. 27 on Saturday night Jan. 2 will be a splendid affair. An elaborate programme has been prepared, and with other features of entertainment, promises to eclipse any similar celebration held in 1896. All south side brothers are expected to be at Brighton, where Div. 27 meets not later than 8 o'clock.

The new year has made its bow, and its entrance on the stage of time begins what may be, nay, will be, the commencement of a new epoch in the history of our old and venerated society. The message of peace and good will, whose whisper still lingers in the Christmas echoes of the dead year, should revivify our devotion to the motto "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity." The vigor of the New Year with its pressing needs of earnest work should urge us to work with an application surpassing all our past efforts. There is more need of work among divisions existing than in bringing into being new branches of the Order. Careful study of our reports will give food for thought to all of missionary bent. Divisions should be encouraged by constant visits to keep up the standard of their work. You cannot hope to organize Irishmen by postage stamps and newspaper articles. They must be met personally, talked to and advised. There is no fear of tiring your audience as long as you speak common sense, even if it is a repetition of former speeches or other ideas. As long as the "talk" is sound it will benefit and improve. Leave out selfish "tommy rot" and effervescent cant about "dear old Ireland." Tell them how to improve themselves socially, morally and politically from an economic view and they will listen, learn and benefit. Tell them to increase their division membership until each numbers at least two hundred. Tell them not to be "apologizing" for their old society, but to declare its boards are clean of the foot soil of the designing, and now welcomes all to assist in the work of regenerating a people. The entering year will be, mayhap, one which will usher new men of thought, education and width of mind as workers in our ranks. Let us prove our Order is no receptacle of narrowness in idea, but is the fostering home for development of each patriot's soul. We, the old, gladly hail the new "recruits" and will appreciate their aid in the work of faith and benevolence.

Unity of our people should be the "lode-star" of our hopes. We, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, can do most of all other bodies to accomplish this most desirable result. We are no mere catechetical society for the scanning of the church record for our members, neither are we an eleemosynary institution of interstate plan. We are a national organization with a mission to discharge, a people's future to conserve. We are enlisted soldiers in a nation's army, of which an order is a "corps," and the moment we lose this distinctive feature our society is no longer the Hibernian Order.

Missionaries of Unity—we will pause to contemplate our task and ask ourselves why the need and where the field for such work. Looking around us through the vast cities which adorn our continent, we see societies and organization of our people without number, but we see no cohesive action, no co-operation, sympathetic or practical. Millions of dollars wasted in twenty-five years, spasmodic efforts to relieve and assist the Irish people at home and abroad. We hear the clangor of the brazen-tongued hurling defiance against Albion's chalky cliffs three thousand miles away. We mark the throng of Erin's advisers, like Job's, perplexing and hurtful in their admonitions. We note the gilded parade, the crowded concert hall, the flushed faces of the heart-stirred audience, the total figures of our charity, and the war songs of our heroes, ancient and modern. All in splendid pageant flash on our mental cinematograph, and we note behind unchanging and quiet with the unuttered prayer, "How long, Oh Lord, how long stand the great mass of the people watching those who claim to be the custodians of all the patriotism existing among the Irish-American people pass in gaudy changing pageant and leave no trace behind." The people desire unity and they must have it. If individuals bar the way it would be folly to wait until they die for accomplishment of a peoples destiny. We prate of monuments to be erected in honor of the men of '98! We can, by accomplishing the unity of all Irishmen, of all Irish societies in some practical federation, erect a more lasting monument, devise a worthy offering to their memories than ever was planned by the mind of man through the agency of the sculptor's chisel author's pen or artist's brush.

"Friendship," grown in the garden of knowledge, is, thank God, growing to a goodly tree. Let its first blossom be "unity" of our people, of our societies, and from amid the mighty host which will welcome the d[illegible] of the new era, will spring forth the armies of the future. If the tree wither and die the flocks will find shelter beneath other shades, and forget in their co-mingling among the peoples that the children of Milesius were a destined race, whose fidelity and truth made them custodians of a nation's future. Brothers, the music of the world's welcome to '97 still vibrates in every soul. Let its waves reach the chord of love for nation, and let a peau of promise carry to every spirit of our kith and kin the news of the awakening of our race to a new sense of their duties to cause and people. The gate of success is open, but the way is long, tortuous and difficult. Will it close again before we reach its portals? It will not if we labor earnestly and well to increase our ranks and promote unity.

"We are struggling in the morning,
With the spirit of the night.
But we trample on its scorning—
Lo! the eastern sky is bright.
We must watch; the day is breaking,
Soon like Memnon's statue waking
With the sunrise into sound.
We shall raise our voice to Heaven
Chant a hymn for conquest given,
Seize the palm nor heed the wound."

The lines are "Speranza's." They seem prophetic. I wish our A. O. H. a happy, prosperous New Year.

MOR.


**How's This!**

We Offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.


**Home-Seekers' Excursions.**

On Jan. 5 and 19, Feb. 2 and 16, and March 2 and 16, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to a great many points in the Western and Southwestern States, both on its own line and elsewhere, at greatly reduced rates. Details as to rates, routes, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

### ANNUAL MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of THE CITIZEN Newspaper Co. will be held at No. 69 Dearborn st., Room 46, Chicago, Ill., on the 16th day of January, 1897, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the election of officers, reorganization of the company and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

Dated Chicago, Dec. 16, 1896.

B. CURTIS, President.
Attest—JOHN F. FINERTY, Secretary.

## REDMOND'S TALK.

### He Tells A Chicago Audience About "Fifteen Years in the British Parliament," and Describes His First Trying Experience.

**Word Pictures of Parnell, Gladstone, Disraeli, Bright, Churchill and Other Celebrities of the Parliamentary Arena.**

Mr. John E. Redmond, M. P. for Waterford City, in the British parliament, lectured to a good-sized audience at Central Music Hall on Tuesday evening. The audience would have been three times larger, as Mr. Redmond is personally popular and deserving of the appreciation of his fellow countrymen, only for the feeling among the Irish-American masses in this city that faction, even when eloquently represented on a non-partisian rostrum—which is an illustrative paradox—must not be encouraged. The rank and file of the Irish people of this city who have been strong workers in the cause hitherto, were conspicious by their absence, although there was a good representation of their principal men, but the Irish-Americans of the "conservative" type made, with Anglo-Americans and others, the bulk of the audience.

Mr. Redmond is a handsome man, and a graceful, attractive speaker, who took hold of the feelings of his audience from the beginning and held them captive to the end of his discourse. His subject was "Fifteen Years in the British Parliament." His mention of Parnell's name evoked the most hearty applause of the evening, although some of the morning papers make this claim for the mention of Gladstone's name. The latter received only partial applause, while the cheering for Parnell was sustained and universal. Several distinguished citizens occupied seats on the platform, and the eloquent and distinguished lecturer was introduced in a manly speech by Judge Edward F. Dunne, of the Circuit Court.

"Fifteen years ago," he said, "it was his good fortune to meet a young orator and rising statesman who had come from England to America. He was impressed with the breadth and depth of his intellectual resources and the magnetism of his presence. Since then the young man has risen to prominence and distinction, and was now a leading member of the English parliament. His voice had ever been raised in defense of his country, and he had earned and deserved the love and affection of millions of Irishmen.

"Permit me," said Judge Dunne, in conclusion, "to introduce to you the champion of Ireland, John E. Redmond."

As he stepped forward Mr. Redmond was greated with loud applause. He expressed his appreciation of the warmth of his reception in a feeling manner, and then plunged into the subject of his discourse.

He said he considered it almost a presumption to appear before an American audience to tell it anything about English statesmen or English statesmanship. The mighty press of the country had enlightened his hearers upon the important topics of the day. He then related in a graphic manner how he had been admitted to the house of commons, how he made his maiden speech, and how he had been forcibly expelled from the body for his advocacy of Parnell, all in a single day. When he was first elected, he said, England was in the midst of one of its most desperate crises. Mr. Parnell had been elected to the house of commons and had adopted the policy of impeding all legislation by parliamentary tactics until the antagonists of Ireland consented to at least listen to the voice of an oppressed and outraged people. He succeeded in obstructing public business and paralyzing the public machine until even Gladstone recognized his ability and paved the way for home rule.

Parnell, he said, successfully combated the "prison bill" and the "English factories bill," and advocated the bill to abolish flogging in the British army until he obtained the sympathy of the British people. As a result of this systematic policy, Parnell grew rapidly in public favor until, in 1880, he was the acknowledged leader of the Irish forces, and was successful in making the mighty Gladstone a recruit to the Parnell forces. He referred to the debate upon the coercion bill, and said that to suppress Ireland England found it necessary for the first time to suppress her own freedom of speech. England, he said, never understood Parnell, and as it could not fathom him it feared him, and he was upheld by the indestructible power of a united Irish race, and did not fear his opponents.

Parnell, for the first time, succeeded in making John Bull heed Irish influence. He at first dealt only with those subjects that attracted sympathy. Here he gained such strength that parliament woke up to the fact that a handful of Irishmen had stopped the workings of the English machine.

Hatred and abuse fell upon Parnell and his followers. They were hooted when the arose to speak in the house of commons, and were often expelled. But they always returned and resumed their former tactics. Parliament lay at the mercy of the Irish members. I can say, truthfully, that not a member of parliament presented so strange, so fascinating and so commanding a personality as Parnell. His outward demeanor was cold and impassionate. When he spoke the silence was almost painful in its intensity. When Gladstone spoke the house was crowded and rang with applause. Parnell spoke in silence. There were times when Parnell was the most hated man in England, and again the most respected.

As to the future of Ireland, I hope that no friend of the Green Isle, no son or daughter, doubts the ultimate triumph of its cause. The spirit of rebellion against alien rule still lives, and Ireland will, in the end, be united as a nation, both at home and abroad.

In my opinion, Gladstone is the greatest orator of this century. He can sway an assembly as no man living can do. His character, however, is many sided. His career has been one of inconsistency and contradiction. He started a tory, and then became a daring liberal. At one time he was antagonistic to home rule for Ireland and favored coercion, yet in 1886 he introduced the first home rule bill. Popular feeling toward him ebbed and flowed. At one time he was never free from abuse and insult in the streets of London. Today is his eighty-seventh birthday. His career has been the longest in the record of the English parliament.

Lord Randolph Churchill was one of the most interesting figures in English history. Originally he was a conservative, but he broke away from that party and formed a party of his own, containing Balfour and some others. They allied themselves with the Irish cause. In 1885, when Gladstone was driven from the house, Churchill was made the party leader. He ruled with great brilliancy, but his quick, ungovernable temper and egotism caused him to resign, and he went abroad for a long tour. On his return, though young, he was completely broken down by the disease which caused his death, and he never regained his former position.

In regard to the house of commons, continued the speaker, I will say that with very few exceptions it has always been unjust and wholly without exception ignorant in regard to Ireland.

Of John Bright the speaker had but words of praise. His clear voice, clean cut analysis of public affairs and ready championship of the cause of right made him the tribune of the common people. Gladstone only was his superior in oratory.

"Disraeli," he said, "was always delightful and irresistible, but he never appealed to the intelligence, the sympathies or the passions [illegible]

While [illegible] in English politics, Lord Randolph Churchill had the shortest, and yet the speaker thought Churchill should be regarded as the "comet of the season." His brilliant abilities, kindly heart and aggressive policy had endeared him to the Irish heart, and his untimely end was daplored by all. He was the youngest commoner since the days of Pitt to acquire prominence in British politics, and was the most popular. There could be no adequate estimate made of his dazzling success, followed so quickly by defeat so crushing and overwhelming.

After a brief tribute to the labors of Goss and Sir Henry Drummond Wolf as the associates of Lord Randolph Churchill in his efforts in behalf of the liberal cause, the eloquent lecturer closed with a patriotic appeal for the abolition of all factions, and for a patriotic and united effort in behalf of the cause of the national independence for Ireland. [Prolonged applause.]

**The Irish Language.**

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

**15 Days in Yellowstone Park.**

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company desires to call attention to a very completely arranged tour through the Wonderland of America, under the management of the well-known tourist manager, Mr. J. J. Grafton. The party will leave Chicago on Tuesday evening, July 21, by electric-lighted train, with dining-car, to be absent three weeks. The petrified forest and many other attractive features of the park will be included in the itinerary, that the traveler, going through the ordinary way, does not see. A party will also leave Chicago for Alaska via Yellowstone Park, the same date.

For full particulars, address George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

**Something Interesting to Every Family**

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.


### WANTED

Agent to sell the Memorial of the NEW MOVEMENT CONVENTION, containing biographical sketches and portraits of over 100 illustrious and representative Irish Nationalists. Introduction by John F. Finerty. Send $1.50 for outfit and go to work at once. Address,

M. F. FANNING,
269 Dearborn-st., Chicago.


## THE ANCIENT TONGUE.

### An Interview with Jeremiah Quin, of Milwaukee, in Regard to Gaelic Language and Literature by an Enterprising Journalist.

**Perfection of Workmanship in Old Irish Manuscripts—Value of the Famous Brehon Laws.**

(*Milwaukee Sentinel, Dec. 27.*)

"I never look through a red glass," remarked Jeremiah Quin, as he walked down Grand avenue in company with a newspaper man, "that it does not recall to my mind a sermon I once heard preached in the Irish language by the Rev. Father Darly. I was a boy then, but it made a life-long impression."

"And what was its connection with red glass?"

"Why, don't you see, it was on the last judgment and the destruction of the world by fire. To show you how powerful it was, let me tell you there were no seats in the church, and when the mass started the church was filled with people standing upon the flagstones that formed the floor. When Father Darly got through, late in the afternoon, I don't remember at what time, about one-third of the church was empty, and yet not a person had gone out. They had simply been drawn forward by the power of his discourse until they were packed together like a barricade of iron. When he closed there was an inhalation and exhalation of breath that gave token of the deep spell that the priest had put upon them."

"An the sermon was in Irish?"

"In Irish, yes. Father Darly was a remarkable man. He would keep a person at confession for hours, and would examine him from the cradle to the moment he had him in charge."

"But to the Irish. Are there any people in Milwaukee who can speak the Irish language?"

"No; at least not many. Capt. O'C[illegible] and Thomas [illegible] ex-policeman, can speak it. When I first came to this country I spoke it better than English, but I could not read or write it in the original text."

"The Irish manuscripts are the most beautiful things of the kind I have ever seen. A professor of Greek in one of the Milwaukee colleges called on me a few weeks ago, and asked me to show him some of them. Of course I have none of the originals, but I have a number of works in which there are facsimiles produced by the photographic process, which are marvels of beauty, and my friend the professor was enthusiastic in their praise. They were a revelation to him. The originals are scattered all over Europe—there are thousands and hundreds of thousands of them. St. Patrick, it is said, destroyed several thousand when he converted Ireland, on account of the paganism that they taught. This has been denied, but I do not think there is any doubt of its truth. Be this as it may, there are lots of very excellent things taught by the works of the old Irish penman. Why it was from these old manuscripts that England obtained most of her common law. They were known in Ireland as the Brehon laws. They were not statutory enactments, but Brehon is the Irish for judge, and the laws were made and interpreted by the judges of the land. There is the law of Eric, for example, which first established the system of punishment by imposing a fine. I have the translation of these laws as far as they have been published, in alternate columns with the original Irish. It is a marvelous piece of work.

"No, sir, if the Irish language is to grow and come into use once more I should like to see it start in Ireland, based on its own literature. There is some hope of this, as scholars are studying it all over the world. I have never doubted in my own mind but it must go hand in hand, if it does not precede the national independence of Ireland. Irish Nationalists blame the priests because they made no efforts to preserve the language of their country, and with few exceptions the blame rightfully attaches to them. A notable exception, however, was that of Archbishop McHale, who always preached in Irish, had it taught in the schools of his diocese, and even went so far as to translate Homer's Iliad into the Irish language, which fitted it almost as well as the original Greek in which it was written. It is an heroic language, and sounds a great deal like the Italian. I should like to show you some of those old manuscripts if you have time."

"When?"

"Now."

With this Mr. Quinn, although nearly down to his place of business, turned about and went back to his home with the Sentinel representative, and began an exhibition of his Irish treasures, consisting of the "Works of the Four Masters," who have been engaged in translating the old Irish law from its nativity into English. It is a peculiar code, in that it does not contain an involved sentence or a surplus word. The expressions brought out in English are somewhat quaint, but there is no mistaking the meaning, and there are no loopholes through which a modern lawyer could crawl and create a confusion, as is often the case in the modern law. Simple as they are, and quaint as they are, justice seems to find herself firmly enthroned in their midst.

In addition to the book of laws, Mr. Quin's collection includes treatises on a number of miscellaneous subjects. Among other specimens is a very large book showing how these early penmen illuminated the pages of the Holy Scriptures with initial letters, and with full page illustrations brought out in colored ink, in which figures of the saints, or the infant Jesus in the arms of Mary are surrounded with a system of borders with which it is impossible to discover a fault, either in distances or shades of color. Then there are manuscripts of the Brehon laws, with their illuminated capitals followed by a pen-text as uniform in size and finish as the print of today. The character resemble very closely the Greek, although there are not so many lines used, and it is somewhat closer to the Roman characters used in the English of the present time. This is the writing. The Irish print resembles to a certain extent the vertical writings for which the Milwaukee school teachers are struggling at the present time, although the letters are not joined, and some of them look as if they had been quartered or halved. Whether the class is formed to learn the old Arian language of Ireland or not, the fact remains that Ireland's native tongue will always have an earnest champion in Milwaukee so long as Jeremiah Quin is spared to shed his genial sunshine over the Irishman who has sought an asylum in this country, or has had his love kindled for the little green isle by the story of her wrongs and the glories of her traditions as they fell to him as he sat on his father's knee or nestled in his mother's lap. What a masterly stroke of statecraft was displayed by Queen Elizabeth when she issued her decree forbidding the teaching of the Irish language in her dominion. It took from the Irish people their literature, and placed in the shadow of tradition those truths of history, those deeds of heroes, the recounting of which is the inspiration of patriotism and the beacon light that guides the heroes on to victory in their search for independence and liberty.

"You would not recommend that it be taught in the public schools of Milwaukee?"

"Emphatically no. The public schools should teach nothing but that which is practical. I believe, however, that Irish autonomy depends upon the revival of the Irish language and its adoption as the language of the Irish people, and I am sorry to be forced to admit that the greatest scholar in the language of my native land is a German [illegible] man had only been as tenacious of his language as the German, it would not be so nearly dead today. Why, the German mother in America will teach her child the German tongue and allow him to shift for himself in obtaining the English of this country."

"There is an attempt being made to rescue it from oblivion?"

"Yes, it is being taught all over Ireland. There are chairs for it in a Philadelphia college and at the Catholic university in Washington. There are also private classes studying it in Chicago, New York and other cities. Some steps have been taken here to form a class, but I don't know how it will succeed."

THE Queen of England, it is reported by the London Daily Mail, has stopped drinking whisky on account of pains in her knees. It is curious how whisky affects different races. Now, if Victoria were an Irishwoman, the stuff would have gone to her head, and 'livened her brain up a bit; but, being a Saxon female, it went to her knees. This will be a text for Brother Moody and Francis Murphy.

THE juveniles of the Sheridan club were entertained at the club rooms on Wednesday night and rallied for the occasion in large numbers, several hundred children being in attendance. Prof. O'Rourke furnished the music. Irish reels, Highland flings and other fancy dances were intermingled with the regular dancing selections. Among the children who distinguished themselves on the floor were Misses Jennie Clinnen and Irene Flavin and Masters Pardridge Ebbert and McCarthy.


**An Old Nurse for Children.**

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.


### IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

**How to Form Councils.**

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received half rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

# INTO A FEARFUL CHASM.

## Thirty or More Persons Plunge with a Bridge.

### TERRIBLE DISASTER IN ALABAMA.

### Twenty-One Meet Death in the Crash and in the Flames That Follow.

Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 28.—A special to The Commercial-Appeal from Birmingham, Ala., says: Fiends in human form wrecked Birmingham Mineral passenger train No. 40 at Cahaba bridge, twenty-seven miles from here, at 7:50 o'clock yesterday morning, and twenty-one lives were lost. That number of bodies have been recovered from the wreck, and further search may swell the list of the dead.

Conductor A. P. Connell, who probably new better than anybody else as to how many passengers were aboard, is dead. It is thought, however, that there were not exceeding twenty-five or thirty. The train consisted of an engine, a baggage car and two coaches. Six miles south of Guernee is the Cahaba river, a shallow mountain stream which has a depth at this time of only about three or four feet. This river is spanned by an iron bridge with wooden trestles on each side. Its entire length is 800 feet and the length of the main span where the wreck occurred is 110 feet. The bridge was built only four years ago. The main span and the span just beyond it, both made of iron, gave way and precipitated the entire train into the river. The engine landed on its side almost at right angles with the track. The cars piled upon each other through the main span. The entire wreck took fire soon afterward, and was rapidly burned to the water's edge.

**Charred Corpses in the Wreck.**

Nine persons escaped alive of those who went down, and several of them will probably die. As soon as the crash occurred a few country people gathered at the scene to render what aid they could, but it was too late to do much.

The railroad company furnishes the following as the list of dead: James Bolling, of Guthrie, Ky., Southern express messenger; Frank White, of Birmingham, engineer; A. P. Connell, of Helena, conductor; George Carney, of Birmingham, flagman; R. Webb, of Birmingham; Bruce Phillips, of Blocton; L. W. Martin, of Brookwood, Ala.; Mrs. Henry Handbury and two children, of Birmingham; R. H. Bloant, of Birmingham, colored minister; Miss Ada Powers, of Blocton; Dr. L. N. Powers, of Blocton Mrs. Emma Powers and two children, of Blocton; Mrs. R. Little, of Blocton; Mr. Gardner, of Blocton; Mrs. Gardner, of Blocton; Miss Gardner, of Blocton; one unidentified body, supposed to be Tom Struther, a colored porter. This makes twenty-one killed.

The following are the injured; Henry Handbury, of Birmingham, a Louisville and Nashville conductor, seriously; E. E. Eckels, of Helena, slightly; [illegible] Sprague, of Blocton, fatally; Miss Booth, of Blocton, slightly; Mrs. Powers' child, from Blocton, slightly; Mrs. Walker, slightly. Mrs. Walker's three children escaped practically uninjured. The relief train from the scene of the wreck at Cahaba river reached Birmingham at 9 o'clock last night, bringing ten corpses and three injured persons. Ten other dead bodies were left at Blocton, where the deceased resided, and one at Brookwood.

### MINE GAS HAS SEVEN VICTIMS.

**Terrible Explosion in a Coal Pit at Princeton, Ind.—Six Wounded.**

Princeton, Ind., Dec. 28.—The terrible mine disaster of Saturday has cast a pall of gloom over this city. Despite the bright sunshine and ideal weather evidences of the sad dispensation of Providence are to be seen on every hand. The results of Princeton's first mine horror are appalling enough but are not so disastrous in regard to loss of life as at first reported. The first four men brought up alive were William Grill, Frank Turbie, Thomas Trice (colored), and William Booker. They said the others were all dead. Then the rescuers brought up the bodies of James Rell, Theodore Faber, John Helmes, Carl Poneylite and John Ernst. These bodies were mutilated beyond recognition. The next trip down the rescuers reported that they could hear groans. This was joyful news, and hope again revived in the hearts of relatives of men in the mine. The crowd waited in breathless suspense while the bucket came up.

It contained the almost lifeless bodies of James Turner, David Nolan (white) and Arthur Colgate and James Crush (colored). The first two were only slightly burned, while the others were more seriously injured, sustaining several broken bones besides their severe burns. They can give no account of the explosion, and can not account for their escape while others were killed. The body of Robert Maule, son of President Maule and treasurer of the coal company, was found lying in the sump at the foot of the shaft, with a 10 by 15 beam across his breast, his skull crushed and numerous bones broken. One other man was known to have been in the mine. This was Robert Poneylice, head blacksmith. Rescuers could not work long at a time on account of gas and foul air, and search for Poneylite which continued all yesterday under direction of State Mine Inspector Fisher was of no avail. The body is supposed to be buried under debris. The injuries of some of the rescued men are very serious, but unless complications arise all will ultimately recover.

**Bradley Is Sick of Office.**

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 29.—The Courier Journal today says: Governor Bradley told a friend that it was his purpose to resign the office of governor, saying that the place was killing him, and that he could not afford to stay in it until his health was entirely lost. Governor Bradley has also written to Mr. McKinley that he could not accept any federal appointment.

**Fed Over Six Thousand Poor.**

St. Louis, Dec. 26.—The Salvation Army fed over 5,000 adults and children at their various rooms in this city yesterday and sent out about 1,000 basket dinners to deserving families.

### FIRST BATTLE ON THE SEA.

**Key West Report That a Cuban Filibuster Whipped a Spanish Gunboat.**

New York, Dec. 25.—The World has a Key West, Fla., special giving an account of a fight at sea, off Cuba, between the filibuster Three Friends and a Spanish gunboat, in which the filibuster is said to have whipped the gunboat and scared off a coaster. The story is that a coaster 40 feet long attacked the filibuster, which opened fire with shrapnel and drove it off.

The next thing they met was a big gunboat, and after a short engagement the filibuster put a shot into her hull and she had enough. The filibuster then steamed away and after landing her cargo of arms and men started to return when she was chased by a cruiser, from which she ran away, and got safely off.

Cincinnati, Dec. 26.—A special to The Commercial-Tribune from Key West says: Much comment was made yesterday in Havana over the report cabled from New York that the filibustering steamer Three Friends had been fired on by Spanish cruisers and that the steamer had disabled a Spanish gunboat. This report is positively denied in official circles, who affirm that nothing of the kind occurred, but that the story is made from whole cloth. It is admitted that the steamer landed on the south side of the island, but it is alleged that there was no fighting. It is furthermore stated that only a part of the cargo was secured by Gomez, the Spanish coast guards having captured a good portion.

The Three Friends is here, lying under the guns of the Raleigh. Captain Lewis refuses to say anything about his trip, save that he had been after derelicts. As to the story of a fight he professes ignorance. None of the crew can be induced to speak of the affair. The vessel does not bear any marks of conflict, and the report is doubted here.

Havana advices are that Gomez' advance guard has captured the town of Las Passega, in Santa Clara province, taking the entire garrison and all their stores. A battalion of fresh troops was sent to Matanzas yesterday morning from Havana to be sent to the front. Great exertions are being made to get a strong force to oppose General Gomez, and three lines are being formed to get the Cubans entangled in between them and crushed.

### SUICIDE OF BANKER WASMANSDORFF.

**Terrible Result of One of the Recent Failures at Chicago.**

Chicago, Dec. 28.—Suffering from depression caused by financial reverses, Otto Wasmansdorff, a well-known banker of this city, yesterday fired a bullet into his brain and died almost instantly. The banker killed himself in the front hall bed room of his home on Cleveland avenue. His sons William G. and Otto, Jr., who were in the parlor beneath the bed room, heard the report of the revolver and rushed up stairs and were horrified to behold their father lying on the bed dying. Wasmandorff was a member of the private banking firm of Wasmansdorff & Heinnemann, which failed a week ago as the result of the failure of the [illegible] of Illinois.

The failure of his bank had a crushing effect upon Wasmansdorff, and also seriously affected his wife, who is ill. The banker for several days was unable to either eat or sleep. The criticisms of unfortunate depositors weighed him down. Yesterday morning the banker appeared brighter and less troubled than upon any day since the failure. At the time of the failure the assets of Wasmansdorff's bank were given at $550,000; liabilities, $415,000.

### PANIC IN A DEPARTMENT STORE.

**Fire Costs Rockford $175,000—No One Seriously Hurt.**

Rockford, Ills., Dec. 26.—Fire Thursday gutted the Huffman hotel building—loss $35,000, insurance $40,000, and Potter Bros.' department store—loss $90,000, insurance $60,000. The store was filled with Christmas shoppers when the flames broke out. They spread rapidly, creating a panic, but no one was seriously burned. The flames were under control and confined to the hotel at midnight. Several other firms are losers for smaller amounts.

### MISSOURI STATESMAN DEAD.

**Ex-Representative Hatch Passes to the World of Rest.**

Hannibal, Mo., Dec. 24.—Ex-Representative W. H. Hatch died at 9 o'clock last night of a complication of troubles resulting from Bright's disease. He was stricken early in the week, and since Monday his case has been considered hopeless.

**Pardoned by the President.**

Washington, Dec. 29.—The president has pardoned (to take effect Dec. 31) William Jackson, sentenced Oct. 7, 1895, in Texas to eighteen months' imprisonment at hard labor for making counterfeit coin. He has also pardoned James Burwell, alias Charles Sherwood, convicted in July last in Michigan for bringing counterfeit bills into the United States.

**Will Go into Liquidation.**

Chicago, Dec. 28.—It was announced last night that the Atlas National bank will go into voluntary liquidation and retire from business. This action is not considered as a failure in any sense, and as the bank's business was a comparatively small one it is not anticipated that any flurry in the banking circles of Chicago will result. Two

**Victory for the Santa Fe.**

Oskaloosa, Kas., Dec. 29.—In the Jefferson county court here yesterday afternoon Judge Louis Myers handed down a decision in the famous Santa Fe railway receivership case, holding in favor of the railway company. He declared that the alien land law, under which he had appointed a receiver for the property, does not apply to railroads.

**Dedication of the Grant Monument.**

New York, Dec. 29.—The board of estimates yesterday inserted in the budget for 1897 the sum of $70,000 to be expended in the ceremonies attending the dedication of the Grant monument on April 27.

**Failure of a Car Company.**

Laconia, N. H., Dec. 29.—The Laconia Car company was petitioned into an involuntary assignment Monday. The total liabilities are placed at $617,000 and assets at $407,000.

# SPAIN WANTS HELP.

### PROPOSES THAT WE STAND SPONSOR FOR HER GOOD FAITH.

**So the Talk is at the Capital—The Post Says She Will Give Us Reciprocity for the Same—Great Reforms Are Promised by Canovas, Who Is Tired of War.**

Washington, Dec. 29.—The Post today says: "It has been learned from an authoritative source that Secrteray Olney and Senor Dupuy de Lome, the Spanish minister, have practically determined negotiations on the Cuban question which are to be submitted to congress when it convenes on Jan. 5. The terms of the agreement are based on a recent official communication from Premier Canovas, addressed to the secretary of state. The premier states clearly the terms which Spain will accord to the insurgents, and practically asks the United States to propose these conditions to her rebellious subjects. In return for our good offices Spain assures this government that she sincerely deplores the great commercial loss which we have sustained on account of the Cuban disturbance.

**Will Accept Our Good Offices.**

"She assures us that she is even now considering a reciprocity treaty which will deal mainly with Cuban products, and which will be framed in such advantageous terms toward this government that our losses, both in commerce and in the destruction of American property in Cuba, will be most generously compensated. Premier Canovas says that Spain cannot, of course, as a self-respecting and respected nation stand before the world as having been coerced into measures by the United States. She has freely granted all that she now offers, and that in the face of a rebellion. But she accepts the good offices of the United States to act as mediator and to guarantee to the insurgents amnesty and the enforcement of the new reform law which she is about to proclaim in Cuba.

**Reform She Will Give Cuba.**

"The form of government is, the Spanish statesman declares, the limit of independence which can be granted to a province by any antion without absolutely severing the bonds of union with the mother country. Autonomy, as enjoyed by the Canadians, can never be granted in Cuba. What Spain is willing to grant the insurgents if they lay down their arms, and what she asks the United States to guarantee, is an act which provides for a council of administration which shall control all matters pertaining to the commerce of the Indies, and all estimates upon the general taxation and expenditures of the island, as well as its general home government."

**What a Spanish Editor Says.**

A dispatch from New York says The World has a special from Madrid that might be considered as partly confirmatory of the foregoing. The special says: An evidently inspired editorial in the Epoca today foreshadowing the possibility of an understa[illegible] between the Spanish government and President Cleveland has caused a [illegible] sation in Spain. The Epoca [illegible] of the Conservative party, says: "American intervention [illegible] is perfectly logical on the grounds of material interests and national sentiment. It might become an inevitable necessity of American home politics and it is eminently to the interest of our own country to avoid a conflict while we can do so with honor, maintaining our dignity and sovereignty."

### BOSTON'S STREET RAILWAY MEN.

**Faneuil Hall Full of People to Listen to Their Grievances.**

Boston, Dec. 29.—Faneuil Hall was crowded with people last night in response to the call issued by the Street Car Men's union, 800 of whose members have been discharged by the West End company. On the platform were Senators, ex-representatives, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, philanthropists and business men, while in the gallery were many women. Reverend Scott E. Hershey, of Boston, stated that his sympathy and convictions were with the employers of the road.

George Fred Williams, late Democratic candidate for governor, said he was present to protest against a wrong. Honest men had been thrown out of employment and millions of dollars had been spent on the streets and given to a private corporation for nothing. After other speeches it was voted that a committee be appointed to wait on the company and protest against any further discharges, to demand the reinstatement of the men, and to obtain a conference so that the agreement might be discussed.

### QUARTER OF A MILLION FOR STURM.

**Report in the Case of Sturm vs. F. A. Boker and Others.**

Indianapolis, Dec. 25.—Judge C. A. Korbly has filed in the United States court a report as special master in the celebrated suit of General Herman Sturm against F. A. Boker, and others, of New York, showing Sturm entitled to $67,358.38, with interest since 1867, making a total of about $250,000. This is a part of the long litigation that grew out of the contract made by Sturm and Boker with the Mexican government in 1867, to furnish arms and ammunition for the revolution against Maximilian. Boker invested $40,000 in the venture, and Sturm $153,000. Both ships upon which arms were shipped to New York foundered, and but a portion of the cargo of one of them was saved. Long litigation with the marine insurance companies followed, and after it was settled Sturm and the Bokers fell into litigation among themselves.

**Indiana Auditors Get no Fees.**

Indianapolis, Dec. 25.—The supreme court has affirmed the decision of the circuit court of Vanderburgh county refusing to allow the claim of the auditor of that county for services under the provisions of the fee and salary law of 1879. The court holds that the fee and salary law of 1895, which provides that county officials shall receive a fixed salary without fees, is constitutional and valid.

**Block Worth $100,000 Burned.**

Anderson, Ind., Dec. 25.—The Loeb-Brunt block, one of the largest in the gas belt, has been destroyed by fire, and the loss will not fall below $100,000. This is the third fire on this site, two opera houses, costing $68,000, having been previously destroyed.

### VICE PRESIDENT AT A WEDDING.

**Gives Away Miss Scott To Be the Wife of Carl Vrooman.**

St. Louis, Dec. 29.—Probably the most notable social event of the season in St. Louis was the wedding last evening of Miss Julia Scott to Mr. Carl Vrooman, of Baltimore, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Charles S. Bromwell, of 4102 Westminster place. Rev. Frank B. Vrooman, of Chicago, a brother of the groom, was the officiating clergyman. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. and the late Matthew T. Scott, of Lexington, Ky., and a niece of Vice President Adlai E. Stevenson.

Vrooman, a Harvard graduate and ex-president of the Intercollegiate Debating society, is one of the six Vrooman brothers who are well-known as orators. Vice President Stevenson gave the bride away. A reception followed the conclusion of the wedding ceremony, at which quite a number of prominent people were present. A few guests from out of the city besides the vice president and family were Miss Jane Fuller, daughter of Chief Justice Fuller; and General and Mrs. John C. Black and daughter, of Chicago.

### ANNA HANSON DORSEY DEAD.

**Was the Pioneer of Catholic Literature in This Country.**

Washington, Dec. 28.—Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, the pioneer of Catholic literature in this country, died here Friday, aged 83 years. She was an old resident of Washington and was a daughter of the late Rev. William McKenney, a chaplain in the United States navy. She was honored with personal letters from Pius IX and also from Pope Leo. A few years ago Cardinal Gibbons paid public tribute to her work and its influence in a testimonial sent her in behalf of himself and the hierarchy in America. The university of Notre Dame, Indiana, bestowed upon her the "Latare Medal." Mrs. Dorsey's works number about thirty.

**Chicago Alderman Under Indictment.**

Chicago, Dec. 28.—Alderman Thomas J. O'Malley, of the Twenty-third ward, is under indictment for the murder of Gus Colliander. The "true bill" was voted by the grand jury, and John Santry and John Burnham, who have been under indictment for months, were included in the new "true bill." The indictment of Alderman O'Malley created a sensation, as he had never been suspected in connection with that election murder, and his record was a clean one. He was not allowed bail.

**He Hanged His Wife.**

Clark, S. D., Dec. 28.—Christian Christianson has been convicted of wife murder and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. It was supposed that his wife had committed suicide, as she was found hanging to a tree. He hanged her to the tree from his wagon, and then drove out from under, leaving her there. Circumstantial evidence was found which rendered the suicide theory untenable.

**General Lee in Havana.**

[illegible] c. 28.—General Fitzhugh [illegible] ed States consul general [illegible] ee, his wife, and their [illegible] ved from Florida Saturday [illegible] ph A. [illegible] ington, the vice [illegible] the [illegible] to the staff of the Jnl. d [illegible] and the representatives in this city of American newspapers, received the general on landing.

**Death of Samuel H. Kerfoot.**

Chicago, Dec. 29.—Samuel H. Kerfoot, one of the pioneers in the real estate business in Chicago, died last night of heart disease. He was prominently identified with the earlier development of the city, and was the first president of the real estate board.

### THE MARKETS.

**New York Financial.**

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.

Money on call nominally 1½@2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper 5½@6½ per cent.; sterling exchange was heavy, with actual business in bankers' bills at 487¼ for demand and 485¾@486 for sixty days; posted rates, 486½@488 and 487½@488; commercial bills, 485¾.

Silver certificates, 65½@65¾; no sales; bar silver, 65¼; Mexican dollars, 50¾.

United States government bonds firm; 4's registered, 112¼; do. coupons, 112¼; 5's registered, 113¾; do. coupons, 113¾; 4's registered, 109¾; do. coupons, 111; 2's registered, 95; Pacific 6's of 97, 99½.

**Chicago Grain and Produce.**

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened 79c, closed 78¾c; May, opened 82¾c, closed 82¼c; July, opened 76¾c, closed 77½c. Corn—January, opened 23¾c, closed 23¾c; May opened 25¾c, closed 25½c; July, opened 26¾c, closed 26¼c. Oats—December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 20c, closed 20c. Pork—December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened $7.62½, closed $7.62½. Lard—December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened $3.80, closed $3.82½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 21c per lb; extra dairy, 17c per lb; fresh packing stock, 8@8½. Eggs—Fresh stock, 19@20c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 9@11c per lb; chickens (hens), 6@6½c; spring chickens, 6½@7; roosters, 4½c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, 7@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 19@22c per bu; Hebron, 18@20c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.00@1.35 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 10@12 per lb; extracted, 6@7c. Apples—Common to fancy, 40c@$1.50 per bbl.

**Chicago Live Stock.**

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 26,000; sales ranged at $3.00@3.55 pigs, $3.30@3.55 light $3.05@3.15 rough packing, $3.30@3.50 mixed, and $3.50@3.65 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 22,000; quotations ranged at $4.75@5.10 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.20@4.75 good to choice do., $3.80@4.25 fair to good, $3.00@3.75 common to medium do, $3.10@3.75 butchers' steers, $2.65@3.25 stockers, $3.35@3.90 feeders, $1.60@3.60 cows, $2.40@4.15 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.80@4.10 Texas steers, and $2.75@5.60 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; sales ranged at $2.35@3.50 western, $2.00@3.00 Texans, $2.00@4.00 natives and $3.00@5.80 lambs.

**Milwaukee Grain.**

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 28.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 79c; No. 1 northern, 82½c; May, 81½c. Corn—No. 3, 20½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 18@19c. Barley—No. 2, 34c; samples, 33@33c. Rye—No. 1, 36½c.

**St. Louis Grain.**

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 28.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 91c bid; track, 91@92½c; No. 2 hard cash, 91c asked; December, 91½c nominal; May, 91¼@91¾c bid; July, 73¼c. Corn—No. 2 cash, 20¼c; December, 20c asked; May, 22¾c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 18c bid; May, 20½c bid. Rye—33c bid track.

**Detroit Grain.**

DETROIT, Dec. 28.

Wheat—Cash white, 82½c; cash red, 82½c; December, 82½c; May, 91½c.

# THE PRAIRIE STATE.

### ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST.

**Summary of Important Events of the Past Few Days Reported by Telegraph for the Benefit of Our Readers—Items of Special Interest to Illinois People.**

Peoria, Ills., Dec. 26.—Ebbon Scott, a teamster, shot his wife in the left shoulder and left side of the neck with a shotgun, inflicting wounds which may result in her death, and later blew the top of his head off with the same gun. He was down-town during the afternoon and on his return he asked her to spend Christmas with his relatives in Eureka. She refused because she had purchased a Christmas tree and presents for their only son, and he threatened to kill her.

All through the evening he quarreled with her and finally the quarrel became so violent the boy ran out on the street in search of an officer, whom he found on the next corner. Just as the policeman entered the house Scott fired the shot which took effect in the left shoulder and left side of the neck of his wife. Scott ran out the rear door pursued by the policeman and soon escaped. He went directly to the river bank, where he shot himself, though his body was not discovered until 8 o'clock next morning. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of suicide.

**Suicide of an Illinois Editor.**

Albion, Ills., Dec. 29.—Great gloom was cast over the city of Grayville Sunday morning by the announcement of the death of Frank E. Clarke, one of the most prominent citizens of that place, in consequence of a dose of morphine taken with suicidal intent. The deceased was at the time of his death and for about eighteen years had been editor of the Grayville Independent, one of the most widely-known newspapers of southern Illinois. Many unconfirmed rumors are in circulation as to the motive for the rash act.

**Bold Chicago Thugs.**

Chicago, Dec. 29.—Robert Grace and Frank O'Brien, two of a desperate gang of five footpads, are locked up in the Desplaines street station. For several hours Grace and O'Brien and their pals caused a reign of terror on Peoria street, in the vicinity of Jackson boulevard, Sunday night. The tugs used a dark alley as an ambuscade. Passers-by were dragged into the alley and beaten and robbed. Five people had fallen victims to the thugs before the police swooped down upon them and caught two of their number.

**Sues the Woman in the Case.**

Danville, Ills., Dec. 26.—Mrs. John S. Barton, of this city, has sued Mrs. Jennie L. Klugel, of Nashville, for $10,000 damages for alienating the affections of her husband, John S. Barton, now of Murphyboro, Tenn., and formerly of this city. Barton is a large manufacturer in Murphysboro, and while engaged here in the same business, it is alleged the intimacy began. When Mr. Barton began in business in the south, Mrs. Klugel, who is the widow of a former prominent citizen of this city, follo[illegible] him [illegible]

**Murdered and Placed on the Track.**

Galesburg, Ills., Dec. 28.—The body of Chris Shirrar, a miner, was found at Kewanee between the tracks of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad. One foot was cut off and the head was crushed and arm broken. Investigation disclosed a club 400 feet away covered with blood, and blood stains leading to the tracks. There is little doubt that Shirrar, who left a saloon about 10 o'clock, was followed and struck on the head with the club and killed.

**Will Pay Out in Full.**

Batavia, Ills., Dec. 29.—William M. and J. S. Van Nortwick, bankers and manufacturers have made an assignment to the Equitable Trust company, of Chicago. This was brought on by the Atlas National bank closing. Their property interests run up in the millions and they will pay out in full.

**Given a Life Sentence.**

Clinton, Ills., Dec. 21.—Ed Polen, the double murderer, was sentenced here in Judge Herdman's court to life imprisonment at the Chester penitentiary. The jury agreed after nearly a twenty-hours' session.

**State Notes.**

E. F. Hovey, a prominent resident of Capron, Ills., was killed by being thrown from his carriage while returning from the funeral of his uncle.

John Magnan, safe blower, who ten years ago cracked twenty safes and secured $100,000, is locked up in a police station at Chicago. He is broken health.

John E. Madison and Bert Wellman, members of a social club at Mattoon, Ills., are dead as a result of drinking wood alcohol.

The body of August Shultz was discovered hanging in his buggy shed on his farm near Good Hope, Ills. Despondency is supposed to be the cause of his suicide.

Mrs. Mary Bernhardt keeps a saloon at 121 West Twelfth street, Chicago. Sunday night, following the habit of other saloon keepers in different parts of the city, she contributed $450 to satisfy the demands of the hold-up men.

The family of Henry Maddox of Carlyle, Ills., are seriously ill from the effects of eating hogs' head cheese. It was prepared in a large iron kettle, in which a mixture of green paint had been made a few months ago. After using it for this purpose the kettle was supposedly thoroughly burned out and cleansed.

**Capitalists Will Lose Heavily.**

Dallas, Tex., Dec. 29.—The failure of the Security Mortgage and Trust company has created much discussion in business circles in this city. Many business men had long expected trouble for the concern, but the public generally was surprised at the failure. The opinion is general that local losses will be comparatively insignificant, but eastern and foreign capitalists will lose fully $1,500,000 on their investments and ventures.

**Conflagration at Pottsdam, N. Y.**

Pottsdam, N. Y., Dec. 29.—The Windsor hotel, four saloons, two clothing stores, three restaurants, one grocery store, two livery stables, and two barber shops, composing a large portion of the business section of this town, were destroyed by fire Sunday. The damage is estimated at $100,000; partially insured.

# HISTORY OF A WEEK.

**Wednesday, Dec. 23.**

Franklin Robey, who aided Wilkes Booth and his companion, Harold, to find a hiding place in Charles county after the assassination of President Lincoln, is dead.

There has been a phenomenal increase of coffee planting in Liberia and the exports of the last fiscal year amounted to 3,000,000 pounds, against 600,000 pounds ten years ago.

Alfred Wilson, aged 70, one of the best-known residents of Andrew county, Mo., was murdered by robbers at his home near St. Joseph, Mo. Wilson was a batchelor and was rich.

The body of Miss Kate Field has arrived at San Francisco from Honolulu on the steamer Belgic. It will be cremated.

Charles U. Prevost, the Chicago traveling man who disapeared from Sheboygan, Wis., has returned to his home in Park Ridge, Ills. He says he has no recollection of leaving Sheboygan or of anything which transpired last week.

**Thursday, Dec. 24.**

A glycerine magazine near Montpelier, O., exploded with terrific force. Harry Adams and George Pocock were blown to atoms.

Andrew G. Madison, a great-grand nephew of President Madison, has been sued by his wife for separate maintenance in the New York courts.

Physicians at Shelbyville, Ind., are alarmed over the case of Wells Stevens, whose heart is in the wrong place.

Rev. David Kirkpatrick has been arrested at Rochester, N. Y., charged with being the "rubber man" who has been accosting women on the street. He admits the charge and claims that he was gathering material for a sermon.

Matters are tranquil in Hayti at present, but it is stated that a revolution is bound to come later.

Marcello H. Barilati, head of the firm of M. H. Barilati & Co., New York brokers, has disappeared, and there are rumors that from $50,000 to $75,000 is missing.

Mrs. Maceo has not yet heard of her husband's death, and there are further stories that the Cuban chief is yet alive.

**Friday, Dec. 25.**

General Meredith Reed, formerly United States minister to Greece, is seriously ill at Paris. He is suffering from bronchitis. He was born in 1837.

The directors of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railway have declared the regular quarterly dividend of 1¾ per cent. payable Jan. 20.

Albert Maetzcke, aged 44 years, a German with a fine education, and a bent for invention, committed suicide at St. Louis. Insanity, probably.

The aggregate of gross earnings of all railroads in the United States reporting for the first half of December or a part thereof, is $12,017,126, a decrease of 4.5 per cent. compared with last year, and 11.4 per cent. compared with the corresponding time of 1892.

Peter Cannon, of Belfast, the oldest person in New York state, is de[illegible] 118 years. He was born in Count[illegible] Ireland.

[illegible] Argentine (Argentine) [illegible] s that 700,000 tons of wheat will [illegible] available for export from Buenos Ayres and Santa Fe.

**Saturday, Dec. 26.**

Fifty-seven men have been arrested on political grounds at Havana and placed in jail as conspirators.

A delegation from Chicago is at Washington with invitations for the president and other high officials to attend a banquet at Chicago Jan. 8. So far the delegation has poor success.

The outlawry at the mills in southern Arkansas has not subsided and further killing of negroes because they work for a living is expected almost at any time. The state authorities are doing nothing apparently.

The powers generally have advised Spain to grant to her colonies autonomy and to make her own terms with the United States if she can so hasten the pacification of Cuba.

The sultan, it is said, is devoting himself to the finances of Turkey and is ordaining important reductions of the military expenditures and a 10 per cent. reduction in the civil list.

**Monday, Dec. 28.**

Minister Andrade, of Venezuela, has arrived at Washington from Caracas. He says the people of Venezuela are satisfied with the treaty regarding the boundary, believing that it gives Venezuela all she ever claimed.

Julio Sanguily, the Americanized Cuban tried last week at Havana and found guilty and sentenced to eight years hard labor. A new trial will be be demanded.

The Dallas Security Mortgage Trust company has passed into the hands of a receiver. Liabilities, $2,483,225; assets, $2,314,000.

Sea island cotton growers are talking of demanding a duty on Egyptian cotton as part of the coming protective policy.

Heavy rain has fallen in the provinces of Oudh, India, and more is expected. Oudh is in the worst of the famine-stricken districts.

Joseph D. Weeks, editor of the American Manufacturer, died in his home at Pittsburg Saturday night from the effects of a stroke of paralysis.


# Merit

Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity, increasing sales and wonderful cures. The combination, proportion and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines, and make it peculiar to itself. It acts directly and positively upon the blood, and as the blood reaches every nook and corner of the human system, all the nerves, muscles, bones and tissues come under the beneficent influence of

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

**Hood's Pills** cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

## THE SONG OF JEANNE DE FRANCE.

How slow, how slow, the minutes pass!
What time I gaze across the lea
And watch the dew dry off the grass!
Heigho, Denise!

Spring walks abroad in green and gold
And flushes all the almond trees,
But still my heart is dark and cold
As death, Denise.

My father rules a kingdom fair.
My mother smiles in silken ease.
I go in velvet and in vair
All day, Denise.

In velvet and in vair I go,
But children never clasp my knees,
And no kind lips my pale lips know.
Heigho, Denise!

Some day, some day, I'll surely hear
My name cried down the listening breeze
And hear a voice more lief and dear
Than yours, Denise.

And, hearing, I shall rise and go
Out from my prison, if God please,
Like cottage girls, more glad, more low,
Than I, Denise.

Oh, surely I shall quit my throne
To meet my lover on the leas,
And if the name whereby he's known
Be death—why, you may then make moan,
Not I, Denise!

—Nora Hopper in New York Tribune.

## A PLAINS WAIF.

For days and weeks those of us who had not flown to the safety of the towns and the larger camps had watched for the coming of the Apaches, who had been raiding the outlying ranches and the smaller mining camps by flying forays of small parties not known to be absent from their reservation. We had grown tired of standing guard and spoiling our winter holidays and our eyesight looking in the darkness for the attack that did not come—although the most recent tenderfoot knew that it was more than likely to come at the most unexpected time—when there came a courier from Silver City to tell us that our camp was billed for the next engagement.

It came upon his arrival, or very nearly so. This courier, who was a cowbow from the S-bar, 30 miles north of us, had hardly gone to his supper when the trouble arrived.

Within an hour it seemed as though millions of howling, sharpshooting, government fed loafers had surrounded the camp, and every man who could handle a rifle was needed.

Driven back from the surrounding hills to the confines of the camp proper—driven by sheer force of numbers back, back, into our very cabins, where the women and children were—bullet after bullet was sent after an unseen enemy who lay behind the rocks. Then—

There came a bugle call of which we knew not the technical meaning, but we did know that troops from Fort Bayard had come to our rescue, and that we and ours were saved.

The troopers, used to this kind of work, had dismounted and had surrounded the redskins, and when some of the latter made a break through the lines they were followed by a number of soldiers, among whom, not leading, but anxious to be "in the thick of it," was Lieutenant John Marcus Horton, late of West Point, who found himself unable to brandish a sword and shout, "Follow me!" at one and the same time, but who sprinted admirably nevertheless.

Lieutenant Horton never knew what did happen that night, not exactly. He remembered only that when the trouble was all over in this his first engagement he was the possessor of a shattered arm, a broken rib or two, a cut head and a small, blond prisoner, whom he had captured at the point of the sword when the troopers found the obscure canyon in which the Indians, who had evidently proposed to emigrate to Mexico, despite the season, had concealed their families.

Horton's prisoner came along with surprising willingness. Her complexion was tanned by the sun and winds almost as dark as that of any Apache, but the same influences had served only to bleach her naturally light hair to an unmistakably tow and molasses taffy color or two. She must have retained some recollection of her Scandinavian parents, else she had not come along with Mr. Horton so willingly, for she had a temper, as was presently discovered by several persons. Yet she could not or would not speak a word aside from the Apache dialect, and we could learn nothing through the interpreters of her origin or as to the time she had lived among the Indians.

It was not embarrassing merely—it was distressing really to all of us—the question of what we should do with this waif. Those of Apache parentage we could and would return to the reservation. But this one—

The women had talked it over with doubtful shakes of the head, when John Marcus Horton, with more apparent bravery than he ever showed as a "plebe," a cadet officer, or in actual fighting service, strode modestly into the breach.

"I'll attend to her case," he said. Then, seeing that the eyes of the assembled mothers of the community were upon him, he blushed, but continued firmly: "My people will see to it that she lacks nothing in the way of education or training. Why not send her to my mother in Ohio, and I will attend to the expenses of her chaperonage?"

That was the end of Olga for the time. Five years afterward she came back to us, and her readvent was the undoing of many susceptibles.

Meanwhile there had been changes while Olga was at school. John Horton was no longer in the army, an uncle of his having died and left him his interest in several valuable mining properties, the sole condition being that he resign his commission as a titled defender of his country, and Horton, it is needless to state, exchanged his chances for glory for this very substantial consideration with all the alacrity that army regulations would permit, thereby becoming "Colonel" Horton by brevet of his admiring and envious fellow citizens.

That was three years back, and twice during that time he had been in Ohio to visit his people, only to return with glowing accounts of the manner in which Olga was getting on with her music, her other studies and the ways of polite society. After each of these trips it was "Olga this" and "Olga that," until we were tired of hearing of his little "Norwegian Apache," as one of the boys ungallantly dubbed her one time when Horton was not present. Had Horton been anything but a good fellow and a wealthy man he might have been "called down" scores of times by the bored ones. As it was, however, we listened to him with what was intended to be an interested expression, drank his wines, borrowed his money and hoped we might never behold Olga in the flesh.

But when, after his third visit east, Horton returned to Silver City, bringing with him his mother and the little "Norwegian Apache," what a change of heart and a surrender of hearts! Instead of an angular, awkward young person, possessed of points that might make her, when developed, a beauty of the "lily" type, behold a petite young woman, with a wealth of pale golden hair, beautiful eyes and teeth, complexion of roses and cream and a decidedly vigorous constitution which called for lots of horseback riding and other outdoor exercises.

Of course Horton was persona grata at the post, having been stationed there during the major portion of his brief term of service as a lieutenant, wherefore the wives and daughters of the garrison strove to outvie each other in their attentions to his beautiful little protegee, suffering themselves, on her account, to listen to his mother's long dissertations on pedigrees, especially that of the Hortons. As a general thing the female contingent of garrison society does its best to discourage "outsiders" as being likely to prevent the capture, in due form, of what it considers its own legitimate prey. But in this instance it was different, for wasn't it possible that this merry young stranger might captivate and marry some penniless subaltern, thereby leaving the field open for some spinster sister to ensnare the very eligible and decidedly wealthy Horton?

Decidedly so, and upon this basis the campaign went on, much to the evident amusement of Olga, who, with womanly intuition and a knowledge of the ways of women far beyond her years, put two and two together and told Horton it was all very funny. "Fancy those army frumps, Jack, being jealous of me—poor me! Jack" (this with mock solemnity), "are you in love with me?"

"Olga, I wish you would not talk in that frivolous manner. It isn't like you, and you should have enough consideration for me to believe those people sincere in their attentions." And Horton turned away with a pained look, but Olga's arms were around his neck, and her face was close to his, as, with wet eyes, she whispered:

"Jack, dear, have I hurt you?"

Never before had John Horton been so tempted. Should he now tell her what for two years had been in his heart of hearts, unknown to any one, despite his loquacious enthusiasm concerning her, or should he take advantage of her dependent position and her 18 years or thereabout and confess himself?

It was but a momentary struggle, then Horton was himself again—a mute worshiper of the goddess he himself had created, or found and developed.

"Yes, you have, dear. Please don't speak of my friends again in that way," he said, disengaging her arms.

Olga's mouth drooped, and there was a piteous look in her eyes as she replied:

"I won't, John." Then, with a sudden kiss, she walked away as though she intended to go to her room for a big, feminine cry, but she didn't. A half hour later found her at the piano trying to warble a Mexican song, while she fondled the cat with one hand and picked out the accompaniment with the other.

Horton stood in the gallery for some seconds, her parting kiss burning upon his cheek, her pathetic face as she left him still before his mind's eye.

"I'm an old brute!" he told himself. "A man of my age" (he was 38) "talking to a buoyant, irrepressible child in that manner merely because I am supposed to be her guardian! Jack, you old scoundrel, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

If there was a male person in southwestern New Mexico who did not fall down and worship that little "Norwegian Apache," he failed, probably through fear, to declare himself, but of all the love stricken young idiots that ever commanded a first platoon (with credit) in times of peace and in times of war and fell ignobly before the initial onslaught of the little fellow with the arrows of love Mr. Danby of the Ninth was the bell mule.

With him Olga's affair was serious—to the young lieutenant. He all but neglected his duties to be at her side when she and Mrs. Horton were stopping at the post, and even, in his infatuation, almost compromised her by falling in with one of her mad fancies one day when he had obtained leave of absence and riding with her unchaperoned to Lordsburg and back, returning at dead of night.

For this Horton took both of them seriously to task as soon as he learned of the affair, as he did the evening following through his shocked and distressed mother, who rode into town in an army ambulance in order to tell him.

To Danby, whom he found in his bachelor's quarters, he said in his lowest, quietest tones:

"Dan, if it were almost any one but you, if I didn't know you for a gentleman, I'd punch your head and call you out besides. But for Olga's sake"—

"Perhaps you couldn't punch my head, Jack," interrupted his friend calmly; "not if I were present. But let's say nothing more and—it sha'n't happen again. You don't know how sorry I am. I suppose she'll never speak to me again after all this," he concluded sadly.

But she did, and she also officiated as pall bearer at the funeral of his hopes, a week or two later, when he proposed to her at a picnic given by the ladies of the garrison in honor of Olga's departure from the fort. She was kind enough to him, and all that, but Danby took it rather hard and swore he'd resign his commission, retire to the mountains and adopt hermitage as a profession. Instead, however, he exchanged to a northern post, fell in love again and married his colonel's wife's sister, who was plain, but who had money enough to disguise the fact somewhat.

Fielding comes next. He was a leading light of the local bar at one of the larger Arizona towns and attended to a good deal of business for Horton, who was interested in copper over there. He came to Silver City to consult with his client, met the "papoose," and a heart theretofore considered impregnable capitulated at first glance, and Fielding was lost. He neglected his other suits to attend to this one to such a degree that it hurt his practice, and in the end he met the same fate at the charmer's hands as had poor Danby—with a difference. Miss Olga told him that if he remained of the same mind until the following year he might propose again, and she "might" then consider the matter. Meanwhile, if Mrs. Horton did not object, he might write to her at school, but she would not answer his letters.

Poor Fielding was utterly cast down, not even the permission to write affording him any hope, and all that kept him from suicide was an earnest request from Horton neither to make an ass of himself nor to die on the premises, after which that severe guardian lectured his ward quite harshly for her flirtatious ways, especially when her arts were practiced upon his own personal friends.

"But I don't mean to, Jack—really I don't. What makes them act so? I can't help it!" sobbed the culprit.

"Yes, you can," said her mentor severely, adding mentally, "but they can't."

He looked out of the window a moment, then turned to her, and in a strained voice said:

"Papoose, I think it best you and mother should curtail your visit and go back to Ohio as soon as you can pack up. I'll speak to mother about it tonight, and—well, I'll see you at Christmas anyway."

There was a quiet sob from the sofa, which gave Horton suicidal feelings, and in another moment he would have gone to comfort the weeper, but just then he heard his mother's step on the walk, and when she entered Olga had fled to the privacy of her room.

Two days later there was an aching void in Silver City social circles, caused by the exodus of Mrs. Horton and her ward. Many there were who wondered at their early departure, but nobody asked any questions. John Horton was vastly approachable up to a certain limit. This limit was arrived at when curiosity's interrogations involved his ward or his business.

* * * * * *

Over a year later Horton wrote his ward a letter somewhat to the following effect:

"There has been enough of this sort of thing. I suppose you do your flirting now with the callow sophomores and the hitherto sedate and dignified professors for want of better material. Now, Olga, this must stop. Here is Jim Fielding, one of the best, brightest, brainiest fellows in the world, going to the dogs on your account. I want you to be serious and think things over, and when you come down here this time do give Jim a chance."

Olga came on schedule time, along with Mrs. Horton, and it was very shortly after her arrival—not more than two days—that Fielding again declared himself.

But it was a different Olga to whom he spoke this time. It was a girl with the same old ways, the same odd fancies, but yet a girl who could understand and appreciate his feelings and pity him with her whole heart without making her pity obnoxious. She had known, she said, that this was coming and had dreaded yet hoped for this talk on the gallery, but she did not tell him of her stormy interview with John Horton that afternoon, when that ogre had told her she must accord Fielding a hearing or—or—there would be indefinite trouble.

"Will you shake hands with me, Mr. Fielding?" the girl asked tremulously when she had finished telling him how she had long thought it over and found she could not love him. "I suppose it's useless to say I'm sorry, although I hope you know I am. So"—

"I know you are, Miss Horton. I believe in your sympathy and your kindness of heart as thoroughly as I believe in human existence. And I believe in myself enough," he went on more firmly, "to think that I might be the successful one were it not for another—some one. Good night. God bless you both!"

They shook hands as two ordinary acquaintances might have done, and Olga disappeared through the hall and up the stairs.

That very day Horton had made himself practically certain that the future of his giddy ward was assured; that, true to his behests and the promptings of a conscience he had done everything to make worldly, Olga would engage herself to Jim Fielding. Then, after all his guests had gone to bed and he was left alone in his library, this great, big ex-soldier, thinking it was all over and that he was forsaken, leaned his head on the table and cried like a baby.

He was a baby, too, for presently some one entered the room quietly, and, kneeling beside him, said:

"Tell me, Jacky—tell your mother."

Some women are jealous of their son's loves. Jack's mother was not one of these, no matter what her other faults.

"You can't direct a woman's affections, darling, any more than you can direct the tides or the winds. And—you have done a great deal, it seems to me, for Mr. Fielding in this case."

* * * * * *

There must have been at least 20 guests at Horton's house to celebrate the home coming, and these had progressed through nearly every course, when one of the girls, who sat opposite Olga, remarked suddenly:

"Why, Olga Horton, where's your pretty solitaire? The last time I saw it"—

Olga flushed, then paled, as she rose, trembling, and showed the solitaire (a gift from Mrs. Horton from among the family heirlooms) on the third finger of her left hand.

"It's just changed hands, that's all," she said, trying to speak brightly, "because Jack and I are to be married next summer." Then she smiled on them all and was gone, and presently Jack, utterly bewildered, but entirely happy, found her in the garden crying.

"Sweetheart"—

"Go away! I hate you! I"—

"Another lie," commented Jack judicially, but exultantly. "However, you're forgiven, for the sake of the cause in which it was told. But here, Sapphira, how are we to explain things?"

"Why, just go and tell them that you're an old slow poke and a duffer and that I'm a silly schoolgirl, but that what I say 'goes'—and, Jack, it's just seven years ago this time that you found me, and it's leap year, too, and, Jack, you're not cross, are you?"

"Of course I am," he replied between kisses. But he did not say it with any measure of solemnity.—Lester Ketchum in Argonaut.

### He Was Training.

One of the oddest little recollections of training which come to mind at this moment is that concerned with Henry Jivins, who was trying to condition himself to run 100 yards in 9 1-5 seconds. He lived at Little Hocking, O., on the Short Line. The Short Line only ran one real, true blue and bona fide passenger train a day on that division, but it cared for the local traffic by appending a coach to a freight train, and all one living along the line had to do was to yell three swift shrieks and the train would stop almost anywhere—almost anywhere, but not absolutely so. There is one stretch of eight miles of up grade between Little Hocking and Torch, and unless the trains start from the latter station with a good run for the hill they are likely to stall. Jivins, ignoring this, started out one morning a few hundred yards behind the puffing locomotive, intending to train up his speed by running the accommodation down.

The accommodation was about midway of the hill and laboring hard when Conductor Perse Morse looked back and saw the flying figure of Jivins. Believing he had left a passenger, the conductor reluctantly gave the signal to the engineer to stop. The engineer mistook the signal, pulled her wider open, and with a jerk out came the drawbar, the train parted, and the rear half, rushing back down the hill, crashed into a car of coal on the open siding, demolished the station and knocked the water tank off its [illegible]. The seven male passengers ju[illegible] nobody was hurt. Perse M[illegible] split up the back and his left thumb sprained, hunted around for the belated passenger, intending to point out to him what the Short Line Railroad company had done in order that he might get a ride. Jivins being found, Morse spoke to him with dignity and told him he hoped now he would be at the station in time for his train when he next wanted to ride.

"Why," said Jivins, "I didn't want to ride." And he explained that he was "in training."

Not counting the train crew, there were seven men who whipped Jivins that morning.—Chicago Record.

### Drawbacks of a College Education.

A second drawback of a college education is one which the public often realizes, but seldom calls attention to—viz, the training of the judgment of the student at the expense of his energy. The extent of this drawback will seem to some great and to others slight. It cannot be doubted that if certain men had had the advantage of a training in weighing evidence and in seeing comprehensively—qualities which the college specially disciplines—they would have been saved from mistakes many and momentous. The patent office would not need so large chambers for the stowage of useless inventions. But I also find myself asking: What would have been the effect of a college training on some of the more energetic men of our time who have been the leaders in aggressive industrial movements or masters of large affairs? What would have been its effect on the older generations of that family which controls certain railroads running between New York and Chicago? Would the marvelous and magnificent enterprises of Commodore Vanderbilt have been rendered less so by a college education? Better judgment about many things he would have had, but would he not have had less energy?

Great as is the need of good judgment in the administration of affairs in the home, the factory, the shop, the need of energy is greater. Fewer men fail by reason of a lack of judgment—numerous as these men are—than from a lack of force. More men are found sitting at the base of the mountain of some great enterprise because they are too indolent to climb than are there through lack of wisdom how to make the ascent. We Americans plume and pride ourselves upon being the most energetic of nations, yet our energy lags behind our judgment. It is therefore a serious matter when the college causes her students to run the risk of losing energy in order to increase the riches of judgment.—President Charles F. Thwing in Forum.

### Advanced.

"Aha!"

His serene highness the sultan was absorbed in thought. It was rather too early in the day for him to be absorbed in anything stronger.

"Aha!" he mused again. "Why do these Circassian girls cost me more than they used to cost? I have heard more or less about women being advanced. I wonder if it's a trust."—Detroit Tribune

## PERILS OF EDUCATION

### THE OLD MOUNTAINEER FOUND IT A TROUBLESOME THING.

**His Son Came Home From School Full of Natural Philosophy, Fulcrums and All Sich—He Won His Bet, but Didn't Stay to Collect It.**

"Speakin 'bout eddecashun," said the old mountaineer as we sat on a log at his door smoking our pipes—"speakin 'bout this yere eddecashun that yo' git outer skules and books and papers, I never could abide it."

"Most people believe in education," I replied.

"Let 'em believe. That very bizness of book larnin is the cause of my hevin a second wife, this ole shackelty cabin, and of my son Tom bein the Lord knows whar!"

"I would like to hear your story."

"Waal, I bain't no objeckshuns to tellin it, and mebbe it'll prove a warnin to yo' not to try to be too powerful smart. Yo' see, I had a son Tom, and he was so cute that everybody said I orter send him down to Knoxville to be eddecated. I was jest fule 'nuff to do it, and things turned out as might hev bin expected!"

"Did he go to the bad?"

"No, not that, but he sent the rest of us thar. Arter he'd bin down thar 'bout two y'ars he cums home one day on a visit. We was livin three miles up the road then. I had a mighty good log house jest at the foot of what we call Coon mountain. Way up on the top of the mountain was a thumpin big rock, standin thar all alone by itself. Tom had seed that rock a dozen times before this day I'm speakin of, but wasn't idiot 'nuff to meddle with it. Waal, when he cum home, he begun to talk 'bout nateral science, nateral philosophy, fulcrums, levers and all sich, and bime by he said he was eddecated 'nuff to tip that big rock over. Sez I to him, sez I: 'Tom, don't be a-crowin over yo'r old dad. Eddecashun can't tip over rocks no mo' than it kin raise co'n-stalks 20 feet high.' "

"But it can," I said as he shook his head and sighed heavily.

"Yes, I found out that she could. Tom, he talked till he got me riled up, and I jest told him that if he could tip that rock over with his own hands I'd gin him a mewl colt. He grins and chuckles and says he'll 'stonish me, and I'm free to say that he did. The ornery critter toted his fulcrums and levers and nateral philosophy up the mountain and went to work on that rock. One arternoon, when I was hosin co'n and cussin the poor quality of the sile, sunthin happened."

"The rock moved, I presume?"

"She did, stranger; she did. Nateral philosophy was too much for her, and she rolled over and took a start. She was jest in line with the house, but we hadn't thought of that. I heard a noise like the heels of 10 [illegible] mewls a-kickin on a barn door to [illegible] looked up to see that ole 50 toner a-comin. The ole woman was in the cabin a-singin 'Happy Day' and patchin my trousers, and she didn't hear me holler. The rock made a bee line fur the cabin, smashin and crashin and makin the airth tremble, and when she struck it was like the fall of 50 big trees to once."

"And your wife"—

"Never ever found a piece of her. Everything was carried across the road into a ravine 50 feet deep, and I could never be exactly sartin of the spot whar the cabin stood."

"And what became of Tom?"

"Run away, and I've never sot eyes on him sence. Dasn't face me arter that, I reckon, though I got over my madness arter a bit. I had to build this yere cabin, git spliced to that ar' woman inside and lose my only son, all on account of what they calls eddecashun, and yo' can't wonder I'm ag'in it. Yes, I'm powerful down on eddecashun. Stranger, be yo' one of them eddicated critters?"

"I can't say I am."

"Then it's all right, and yo' kin hev the best bed in the house and roast chicken fur breakfast. If yo' was eddecated, however, I'd be bound to say yo'd better hitch up and move on."—Detroit Free Press.

### An Epicure Emperor.

The emperor of Germany enjoys the unique distinction of being the only European sovereign who has ever descended to his kitchen and "had it out" with the cook. Coffee has never been a strong point with the Berliners, and it seems that the imperial coffee is no better than the rest. His majesty grew weary of complaining to officers of the household and one morning actually went below stairs to investigate matters for himself. After the shock of the imperial presence had subsided, William II, kaiser of Germany, king of Prussia, soldier, sailor, sportsman, poet, painter, theatrical manager, orchestral leader, telegram sender and absolute authority on everything, demonstrated that there was still one more thing that he knew all about, and that was coffee.—Exchange.

### Cramped Theater Seats.

The managers of theaters can commit no greater breach of faith with their patrons than that of condemning them to seats in which bodily comfort and entire enjoyment of the performance are impossible. To sit for 2½ or 3 hours in a chair too small to admit of ease and too close to the row in front to facilitate one single movement of relief or relaxation is quite as unfair as to sell tickets to the public on the strength of false statements as to the character of the entertainment. As a matter of fact, we think the average theater goer would rather witness a mediocre show in perfect physical comfort than to sit through the most admirable performance in a state of physical torture.—Washington Post.

From New York to the Newfoundland banks is a distance of 960 knots.

## CHEWING CURIOSITIES.

**A Variety of Articles Used by Those Addicted to the Habit.**

Quite a number and variety of articles are used by people who are addicted to the habit—apparently a growing one—of chewing things that come under the head of neither food nor medicine. The appetite is probably a survival of the familiar propensity which prompts babies to put everything they lay hold of into their mouths, for it is observed that not only men and boys, but also girls and women, come to indulge in the practice.

Among men the admittedly noxious habit of chewing tobacco is still probably as disagreeably prevalent as ever. Recently it was stated on good authority that servant girls and shop assistants often have a habit of chewing tea, and that the practice, when carried to excess, has sometimes reduced them to a state of nervous prostration which rendered it necessary to visit a doctor to reveal the cause.

The choice of something to chew often depends on the occupation or the articles available. A coffee broker I know acquired a liking for coffee beans, a supply of which he always carried about in his pocket, and he has an amusing and naive way of offering a few to any friend he may chance to be talking to, as a man offers a pinch of snuff when indulging himself. In this case it is more than likely the habit was detrimental to health. Another man, in the grain trade, was perpetually munching rice or some other cereal, while still another acquired a liking for root ginger, which he had first used for teeth and gums too susceptible to cold in winter.

During the influenza epidemic among the suggested preventive measures recommended was that of chewing cinnamon bark, and in some cases those who followed the advice became so fond of the spice that they afterward continued its use simply because they liked its stimulating taste and aromatic flavor.

Horsy men who do not chew tobacco frequently indulge themselves in chewing oats, varying this delicacy with choice bits of hay or straw, the latter for choice.

Seamstresses acquire a taste for odds and ends of thread and wool, and in several cases have injured their health by chewing pieces that have been colored with poisonous dyes.

Unquestionably, however, the substance most used in this connection is "chewing gum," which now forms an important article of commerce. In its raw state it is collected from spruce trees, which grow plentifully in New Brunswick, and it appears to have supplied just the thing that many people require who must have something to chew just for the sake of chewing.

It was naturally first used in America, but the habit of chewing it has rapidly spread among European and oriental countries, and a busy industry has been called into existence and rapidly developed till it has now attained astonish[illegible] and is equally in demand among athletes and sedentary workers and in hot or cold climates. It is chewed with avidity at the gold and diamond mines and has found its way to the merchant's counting house, the clerk's desk and the office boy's pocket.

Between 30,000 and 35,000 people are engaged in the preparation, selling and advertising of this curious luxury. It is said the United States spends $8,000,000 more on this article than on the maintenance of its clergy of all denominations. From another point of view it is stated that, on the one hand, the chewing gum luxury costs $9,000,000 more annually than the entire expenses of running the prisons, courts, hospitals and police force of New York, while, on the other hand, the entire revenue from the sale of fermented liquors only exceeds that from chewing gum by $3,000,000.

That chewing gum has not escaped adulteration, and that its use is not altogether devoid of risk, may be gathered from a case which came before a court last year. A stick of chewing gum was submitted to the public analyst, who reported that it contained 35 per cent of paraffin wax, that the wax was insoluble, and that if swallowed it would be injurious to health.—Boston Herald.

### Lockhart's Start In Life.

It would only be natural that the Blackwood of today should resent the least imputation directed toward the Blackwood of 1817. In that year Blackwood paid young Lockhart, who wanted to go to Germany, £300 for a proposed translation of Schlegel's lectures. The intimation is conveyed by Mr. Lang that it was rather a rash thing for Blackwood to do. A writer in a recent Blackwood makes the following comment:

Mr. Blackwood acted the part of a magnificent Mæcenas rather than that of a bookseller, and we do not think that less can be said than that he gave young Lockhart his start in life. The transaction is veiled in mystery, never having been once referred to, so far as we are aware, by the giver, though proclaimed by the recipient, as a generous mind naturally would.

If thou serve many, tell it not to any.
If any serve thee, tell the tale to many.

That admirable maxim could not be better exemplified. The young man went to Germany by means of this windfall. He went to Weimar and made the sublime acquaintance of Goethe, which afterward helped to secure the much more important and valuable friendship of Scott. Profoundly influential upon his character and life was this beginning. If his biographer thinks that the two volumes of Schlegel, published more than two years afterward, fully repaid and made up for it, we are far from being of his opinion. This initial fact, therefore, published for the first time by Mr. Andrew Lang, whose province is not to glorify but to diminish the benefactor, and whose testimony is therefore doubly to be relied upon so far as it redounds to Mr. Blackwood's credit, is one of very distinct importance in Lockhart's career.

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### AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. N. C. Goodwin in "An American Citizen."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Miss Kathryn Kidder.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Julia Marlowe-Tabor.

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—"The Nancy Hanks."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

CLIFFGRD'S GAIETY THEATRE,
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"Zenda's King."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph st[illegible]t, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHI[illegible]O OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

### RELATED "PATRIOTISM" OF THE IRISH UNIONISTS.

It was long a conscience soothing delusion among Irish Tories, Unionists and Orangemen that an independent Ireland, "could not stand alone"—a favorite slavish cant phrase that used to make us sick when thrown among such characters during our young days in Ireland. Most of the Irish Protestants of our acquaintance, and some Catholics of the "half sir" class, too, were brought up to believe that the English connection was the saving salt of Ireland. The masses of the Irish Catholic people and some of the intelligent Protestants thought the reverse, but they were usually cried down, and "the blessings of the English connection" were extolled to the heavens by a servile anti-national press, and by platform and pulpit orators equally servile and un-Irish.

The Irish Unionists have beheld during fifty years a change come over their native country which no other class of men would have tolerated. Brought up as aliens to the country that gave them birth, these wretched renegades looked on almost complacently while 1,500,000 of their fellow country people were deliberately starved to death, and more than double that number banished from their native shores by process of wholesale eviction. They have seen the population of the most fertile of islands reduced one-half in half a century, and yet this awful experience could not stir within their degraded natures one throb of sympathy for the unfortunate land of their nativity. They deliberately turned their backs on Ireland, and worshipped at the shrine of her perfidious enemy. They shamelessly boasted of their "loyalty" to a crown which represented subjection and to a constitution rigid for the interests of England and flexible for the persecution of Ireland. They beheld unmoved the efforts of a faithful few to fight the wrongs that made English rule in Ireland a bye word among the nations. They opposed O'Connell. They opposed Young Ireland. They opposed Sharman Crawford. They opposed the Irish Republican Brotherhood. They opposed Isaac Butt. They opposed the Land League. They opposed Charles Stewart Parnell. In short, they opposed every movement that had for its object the good of Ireland. Shame could not stir them. Humanity could not move them. Sentiment could not arouse them. Besotted by English education and influences they were Bashi-Bazoucks in the midst of a struggling people—prepared to imbrue, if necessary, their dishonored and implacable hands in the blood of their fellow countrymen—all in the blasphemous name of "loyalty to the empire."

They had to wait until a parliamentary commission was appointed, through the efforts of Irish Nationalists, to ascertain the financial relations existing between Great Britain and Ireland. When that commission reported that England had deliberately stolen during the ninety-six years of "union" about a billion dollars from the Irish treasury, their eyes began to open. Their sordid natures were influenced, and they have begun to believe that the English connection is not the great blessing it was always represented to them to be. Earth can furnish no parallel to the utter stupidity, selfishness and self stultification of the Irish Unionists, who worship that unclean thing called the British Empire. It is only in their pockets they feel—like their forefathers who sold the Irish Parliament to Pitt and Castlereagh at so much a head. Therefore, we were not surprised at reading the following in the Sunday cable despatches from London:

"Ireland is on fire over this astonishing new anti-Saxon issue, raised by the financial relations report. Every day brings the names of new Tory noblemen or great landlords who have taken the field against the government, while the names of those who have been induced to proclaim their loyalty are few and far between. There was much doubt as to what course would be taken by Lord Dunraven, who is a cautious politician, but as Lord Lieutenant of Limerick he called an indignation meeting for his county like the other rebels.

"The boisterous language which marked the earlier meetings is now being avoided, but the Tory papers of Dublin put no such brake on their feelings, and abuse the London Times in phrases that seem culled from the old United Ireland. The Nationalist leaders are prudently keeping somewhat in the background. They attend the meetings, support the resolutions proposed, identify themselves cordially with the movement, but give their new Tory allies all the front places and the responsibilities of management. This policy has already borne some curious fruit in the form of volunteered Tory declarations that the way is being cleared for a union of Irishmen on many other subjects beside taxation, and it seems not unlikely that before the anniversary of 1798 comes round there will be another such fusion of orange and green as there was then. There are, indeed, Irishmen sanguine enough to say that another three months will see it."

Notwithstanding the infamous record of the Irish Unionists during nearly a century, and in spite of our contempt for the motives that actuate their latest ebullition against England's financial policy in Ireland, we gladly hail any movement that may tend to embarrass and humiliate the ancient enemy. We are even willing to let bygones be bygones, but we sincerely wished that the "patriotism" of the Irish Unionists had been [illegible]ed on some issue less material than that of money.

### WHERE DESMOND WAS MURDERED.

Mr. Jeremiah O'Connor, a respected subscriber of Washington, D. C., writes us as follows under date of the 26th ult.:

"About the article 'Christmas Prayers in the Irish Tongue.' I wish to correct the statement made under the above caption in your issue of the 19th inst., relative to the place where the Earl of Desmond was assassinated. Castle Island is not the place where he died. He died in Dromnblogough Wood, in the County Kerry, half a mile from the town of Abbeyfeale. His valet, Moriarty by name, while in Listowel for provisions for his lord, saw posted in the town the reward offered by Queen Elizabeth for his head, alive or dead. On the return of Moriarty to the above-named wood from Listowel, he found Desmond asleep. Taking his (Desmond's) sword he cut off his head and wrapped it in a linen cloth, and took it to Lixnaw Abbey, thence to the Queen of England. On seeing it she pronounced it the most beautiful head she had ever seen. She ordered Moriarty to return to Lixnaw Abbey and receive his reward, which was death on his arrival there (though he was certain to receive his reward in English gold). As a constant reader I hope to see this corrected for the benefit of your numerous readers."

We give space to Mr. O'Connor's letter with pleasure, but we did not say the great Earl died "in Castle Island," but "hard by" that place. Hard by means, roughly, convenient to any given point. The distance between Castle Island and Abbeyfeale is inconsiderable—the map of Ireland would indicate fifteen miles at most—and, anyhow, he was killed on the soil of Kerry. The statement about Moriarty is interesting and quite Elizabethan in character. The traitor was served, as Parez, the foster brother of Silken Thomas, who betrayed Maynooth Castle to the enemy, was treated by the English general who was the beneficiary of his treachery. Parez was promised a thousand gold pieces for the betrayal of the Geraldine, and, when Maynooth was given up, he claimed his blood money. "Were you not the Earl's foster brother?" asked the Englishman. "Yes," was the reply. "Did he not shower favors upon you?" "Yes," again answered the blushless Judas. "Did he not trust you as if you were himself?" "Yes," replied the sordid wretch. "Hello, there, Provost Marshal," cried the general. "Count out to this knave one thousand pieces of gold." This was done immediately. "Now, hang him from yonder tree!" As the villain was being strung up he cried out for mercy, and lamented his treason. "Ha!" cried Boyce, Silken Thomas' seneschal, "you spoke too late, you rascal!" So he was hanged, and, from that day to this, "Too late, quoth Boyce" has been a proverb in that portion of Leinster.

The assassination of Desmond was one of the blackest crimes recorded in Irish history. Elizabeth was the temptress, Moriarty the fiend and the Geraldine the victim. Oh, how illustrative of English rule in Ireland, from the beginning to the advent of Le Caron and "Jones" all this is!

### THE "VICTORIAN ERA" A FAILURE.

We are informed by cable that the old Queen of England is "in a pitiable condition," which, we suppose, means that the limited amount of intellect she possessed in her prime, has sadly dwindled of late. Nobody, however, will miss Victoria's brains, because it is not necessary for a King or Queen of England to have any. In fact, no English monarch, since James II's time, has dared to override the will of the British parliament to the same degree that President Cleveland has defied the will of Congress in regard to intervention in Cuba.

"This year," says the cablegram referred to, "has laid a heavy hand on the venerable Queen of England, far heavier than anyone here likes to talk about, much less print. Her guests at Windsor now see very little of her, being led up after dinner, in groups of four, to where she is seated, and exchanging a few bald phrases on conventional subjects, which they have been previously coached about. But they observe enough, even at such limited interviews, to form the opinion that she is gravely changed mentally.

"Persons who would naturally take charge of various movements for celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of her reign are holding back in despair at the obstacles she puts in the way. The Chapter of St. Paul's, for example, made all arrangements to put in an elevator for her use, to obviate the mountainous flight of steps in front of the edifice, but at the last moment she took the whim of refusing to go near St. Paul's at all.

"The new-fangled Victorian order, moreover, which is a strictly personal fad, has thrown the whole institution of precedence, which is so essential a part of court life, into unspeakable confusion. She insists that third-class members of this preposterous order shall take precedence over Companions of the Bath, of St. Michael and St. George, and of all the Indian orders, which fiat revolution is all the more intolerable because the Victorian decoration is given chiefly to household servants, railway managers and others who used to be rewarded with presents for personal attendance and [illegible]

"Society [illegible] stories of royal eccentricities, are no suggestions in them of a condition which calls for public notice."

Old George III, the Queen's grandfather, whose mental fibre was never strong, and who had had several attacks of insanity before old age overtook him, was a raving lunatic, confined under keepers in the tower of Windsor castle, when he had attained the age of his granddaughter, and he died a lunatic at eighty-two. An English "poet" thus describes his calamity:

"Set up my statue here, it is my due—
The 'virtuestist' king the realm ever knew!
Ireland I risked and lost America
And dined off legs of mutton every day:
Napoleon's host I baffled oft the while,
And held inviolate this British isle—
I let loose flaming Nelson on his fleets—
I met his guards with Wellesley's bayonets,
Nor could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for old England or old George!
Yet, what to me is pride, or place, or power,
A crazy old blind man in Windsor tower?"

Much is said by press sycophants on both sides of the Atlantic of the "glory" of Victoria's reign, and they call it the Victorian era. Since 1837, England has cut a contemptible military figure in the world compared with her achievements under the earlier Georges, and particularly George III. It is true he "risked Ireland and lost America," but the conquest of Napoleon more than counterbalanced the separation of the American colonies. Not since the days of Henry V had England's military glory been so great as it was under the leadership of Wellington—the great renegade Irishman. The English army—then composed to the extent of half, at least, of Irishmen—was simply superb in the Iberian Peninsula and did respectably at Waterloo.

Victorian England can claim little glory and less credit for subduing the Sikhs and Afghans. Her campaign in the Crimea, under a general who was Wellington's favorite aide-de-camp, was very little short of a failure. Her soldiers fought gallantly, it is true, but they accomplished little. The French had the lion's share of such glory as there was at the Alma, Inkermann and the various assaults on Sevastopol. The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava was a heroic blunder—a feat of arms—that proved nothing beyond the madness of a small body of light cavalry attempting to carry heavy batteries of artillery, supported by a resolute infantry.

What Englishman can claim credit for the brutal suppression of the Sepoy mutiny? It is true the Sepoys themselves were cruel, but in their worst mood, they did not blow helpless prisoners from the mouths of cannon as the English did. English bigotry produced Sepoy mutiny, and then English cruelty put Indian cruelty to the blush.

Then take the condition of Ireland. We have referred to it in another article. Victoria's dogged heart has ever been as adamant to Ireland and the Irish. Her cold-blooded husband—Albert of Saxe Coburg—hated the Irish and Victoria imbibed all of his prejudice against the unhappy people. The famine made little impression upon her. She gave less to the fund than did the Sultan of Turkey. Her husband, writing to the humane Baron Humboldt, who was shocked at his sang froid, said, "The Irish are no more deserving of sympathy than the Poles. They can live on grass!"

While hating the Irish with the hatred of insanity, ever since Dublin refused a site for a statue to Albert, the insulter of Ireland, and put up a monument to Smith O'Brien, the "rebel," where the Saxe Coburg's would have stood otherwise, while hating the Irish, we say, Victoria has developed a "distempered love" for the Scotch. Her relations with John Brown, the fat legged gillie, after Albert's death, produced a public scandal which was widely ventilated in the English democratic press. Some of the Queen's generals were forced to "sit down" on that officious and obnoxious lackey at a military review, when one of them said, in response to Brown's "Hurry up there, the Queen wants ye!" "Mind your own business you d—d flunkey!" This, too, in the Queen's hearing, who reddened but said nothing. Then the whole world heard of her ridiculous pranks when he died, and how she accorded his memory all but "royal honors." At one time, it was reported that she believed Albert's spirit had taken up its abode in the stout body of Brown, when that individual became her favorite factotum. Thus, it will be seen, the eccentric "ruler" of England is tainted with the Pythagorian theory.

If Victoria lives until next summer, she will have completed her sixty years on the throne—distancing both Henry III. and George III. who have hitherto held the championship. With all the prate about the glory of these last sixty years, England could afford to lose them from her history much more conveniently than the preceding sixty or the sixty before them. There has been progress in English commerce, some advances in science and literature, but the Victorian era has produced no Marlborough, no Wolfe, no Wellington, no Nelson, no Chatham, no Scott, no Byron, no Burke, no Grattan, no Brinsley Sheridan—no name, excepting, perhaps, the names Disraeli that will be household words" a[illegible]nce. The Victorian era has been a failure.

### MR. TYRRELL'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The most valuable and acceptable present received by any member of THE CITIZEN's force on Christmas day was that presented to Mr. Patrick Tyrrell, of the business department, by his wife, namely, a boy baby of vigorous weight, which arrived at 11 p. m. on the Savior's natal day. The young couple are overwhelmed with congratulations. THE CITIZEN heartily joins in the jubilee. Mother and babe are doing finely.

### THE CHARGE AGAINST ALDERMAN O'MALLEY.

The arrest of Ald. Thomas J. O'Malley for alleged complicity in the murder of a Mr. Colliander at the 23d Ward polls about two years ago has been a shock and a surprise to all who know him. During his career as a business man in this city, Mr. O'Malley won the respect of those who had dealings with him, and, as an alderman, he has had the indorsement of those who look for purity in politics. Under these circumstances, the arrest of the alderman, following his indictment by the grand jury, has greatly astonished his friends, as, no doubt, it has also his enemies, of whom every man in public life has a sufficient supply. THE CITIZEN does not believe that Ald. O'Malley is guilty, by act or complicity, of the crime charged against him. An honest man does not change into a criminal in a day, a month or a year—unless he loses his senses, and we are not aware that Ald. O'Malley has suffered any lapse of reason. Circumstances of suspicion often surround a man wholly innocent of evil deed or thought, and we have no doubt such is the fact in the case against Ald. O'Malley. He is gentle in manner, gentle in nature, upright in all his dealings and has always been an exemplary citizen. We hope to see him speedily released from his present troubles by the legal vindication of his character. He should be immediately let out on bail or else given a speedy trial, and his friends should insist on either alternative. If tried at once, we have no doubt he will be a free man before many weeks.

### THE CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

During the autumn the University of Chicago has organized and conducted in different parts of the city about one hundred classes for the benefit of those who are unable to attend the university but could yet pursue some branch of study in the evenings or on Saturdays. These classes have been attended by more than a thousand persons. The work has increased about seventy-five per cent. over the work of the same time last year. Announcements of the courses to be given in the winter quarter have been issued. They contain the time and places for the meetings of about one hundred and twenty-five classes in a great variety of subjects. Classes begin the 8th of January, the Saturday following, and on the evenings of the succeeding week. They meet at the university, at Newberry Library, at the Western Union Building, at the Chicago Preparatory School, and at other convenient centers. A circular containing full information in regard to the work may be obtained by addressing the class-study secretary.

### IRELAND AND THE CYCLOPÆDIAS.

The subjoined letter speaks for itself, and conveys a lesson that should sink deep into the Irish mind. The publication complained of is not the only one that slights, or ignores, what is most valuable to Ireland and the Irish. Every country in the world, no matter how insignificant, is proud of its heroes and heroines—its great men and women. Take up most encyclopædias, whether published in Great Britain or America, and you will find no mention whatever of any patriotic Irishman of note who "flourished" before the eighteenth century. If King Brian, the victor of Clontarf, one of the most important battles of the Christian era, is mentioned in any of the works alluded to, we have failed to observe it. We have never seen any mention of Hugh O'Neill, the greatest of Irish soldiers, in English or American encyclopædias of mature age, but we are informed by Dr. Rossiter Johnson, editor of Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia, that sketches of him and Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, appear in recent editions of Chambers' and Johnson's cyclopædias. He also remarked, in responding to a letter of ours which complained of the omissions alluded to, that he never knew a case where two or more Irishmen were not employed in the construction of cyclopædias, and that he imagined they should look after the Irish heroes. There was justice in his remark, but he ought to know, if he does not, that very many Irishmen so employed are only Irish in name and have been educated to hate and despise their native country; that they are often of a class more English than the English, and that nothing but ignorance of Ireland and of matters interesting to Irishmen can be expected from them. We have been frequently astonished at the anti-Irish sentiments, uttered in the presence of wondering Americans and contemptuous Englishmen, by educated Irish renegades, both male and female. But such creatures, most fortunately, do not truthfully represent the race. Yet they do it and its cause infinite harm. One traitor-hearted renegade Irishman, or Irishwoman, is more dangerous to Ireland and her children than a hundred alien-born foes.

Not alone are Brian, Hugh O'Neill and Sarsfield omitted from most cyclopædias and biographical dictionaries, but one never reads in them of Red Hugh O'Donnell, Owen Roe O'Neill, the Irish Fabius, Sir Phelim O'Neill, another most gallant soldier, called In Felix Felix, because of his sad but heroic death; of Father John Murphy, Gen. Henry Monroe, Father Philip Roche and the other renowned generals, cleric and lay, of the United Irish army of 1798. The references to Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet are, in the main, scanty and unsatisfactory. In fact, when some new encyclopædia is started, educated Irishmen, of national sympathies, everywhere should take a hand in seeing that the heroes of their native country are not omitted from the bead roll of the brave.

It is a most remarkable thing that there is not a biographical sketch in any British or American encyclopædia of Lieut.-Gen. St. Ruth, who commanded the Irish army at the glorious but disastrous battle of Aughrim in 1691, and who lost his life in that engagement, although he was one of the most renowned of the many brilliant generals of the Louis XIV. period. In fact, whether by commission, or omission, Ireland has been practically suppressed, as regards the men most dearly interwoven with her history, in the encyclopædias. But let us hope for better things in the future. Following is the letter alluded to at the outset of this article:

[*To the Editor.*]

During the present month you, no doubt, as a journalist, must have noticed the large advertisements and extended notices in the daily papers of books and authors. Aside from the regular book stores, almost every dry-goods and department store on State street had their counters and shelves filled with books of a miscellaneous character, many of these books, no doubt, are the production of respectable writers, but the majority of them, although dressed up in glittering binding, are of little value and mere trash. To find in any one of these stores, a grand old tome of one of the great old master's is out of the question.

A publication by Appleton & Company of a work seemingly of great importance came under my notice through a circular, as the work has a very pretentious and comprehensive title, "Earth and Its Inhabitants," and as I was anxious—being the holiday season—to get a few good books for my little library, I subscribed. The title of this work you will say is fascinating and to me no other could be more alluring to secure subscribers.

The work is an expensive one, 19 volumes, $5 a volume and upwards according to quality and style of binding. The terms of payment seemed easy enough, $5 a month, the books to be taken back for forfeiture of any payment not made. Soon after my receiving the books, being an Irishman, you may be sure I was anxious to see how they treated of that part of "The Earth and Its Inhabitants," my native land.

The fourth volume, — Europe, — is taken up with England, Scotland and Ireland. First, England and Wales, cover 301 pages, with 19 steel plates and over 100 wood cut illustrations. Scotland covers 77 pages, with 11 steel plates and numerous wood cuts. Ireland covers 56 pages, with 3 plates and a few wood cuts. Chambers' Encyclopedia shows Ireland to have 1,157 square miles in area more than Scotland has, and a greater population; yet, Scotland and its inhabitants in this book take up, or get, 21 pages, 8 plates and several wood cuts or illustrations, more than Ireland does. Please take a look at the plates and wood cuts for both countries!

The 11 plates illustrating Scotland are Glasow, city of Edinburgh, Fingals' Cave, Holy Rood Palace, Elian Donan Castle, Isle of Skye, Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Ruins of Iona Cathedral, Pass of Glencoe, Caledonian Canal. The three plates for Ireland are Limerick Bridge, Glendalough and Typical Irish. Examine this plate. A woman having a coarse and repulsive countenance, barefooted and a barefooted little girl by her side; three men with sticks in their hands and pipes in their mouths; a young woman in a sitting posture with two sleeping pigs at her side with her right hand resting on the back of one of the pigs; a tent in the back ground with Patrick printed in large letters on door or opening at top of it. Men, etc., with sticks all around. This is how Irishmen and Irishwomen are pictured by this wonderful book "Earth and Its Inhabitants," Dublin, one of the grandest old cities in Europe, has no plate to represent it in this book, instead there is a very small wood cut, 2¼ by 4 inches in size, which to see its lines would require a microscope to look through. No plates to represent the world-over renowned Lakes of Killarney, the Giants' Causeway, and other wonders of nature and beauty all over Ireland.

I am of the opinion that the publishers of this work do not consider Irish patronage of any account. As I could not brook the insult by keeping this work I return it. Now, Mr. Editor, as you are thoroughly conversant with history in general and especially Irish history and biography, I thought I would bring to your notice "Earth and Its Inhabitants" by writing this letter.

J. N.

We think the charges made by our correspondent against "Earth and Its Inhabitants" well sustained, as we have seen a copy of the volume specified. The plate, or cut, under which appear the words "Typical Irish" is grossly insulting. The editor might as well have taken some of the lazzaroni of Naples and labeled them "Typical Italians," or some of the wretched inhabitants of the St. Giles district of London and labeled them "Typical English." None but a knave, a fool, a dolt, a bigot or an ignoramus would be guilty of such a libel on the people of Ireland. We hope every book-buying Irish-American throughout the Union will resent the outrage by refusing to subscribe for the obnoxious work.

### DEATH OF "LITTLE MAC."

Joseph B. McCullagh, editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "Father of Interview," and one of the most renowned of American journalists, fell from the window of his home, at St. Louis, Wednesday night and was killed. He had been suffering from asthma and sat in the window to inhale the air. Mr. McCullagh was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1843, and came to America in early boyhood. His newspaper career was one of uninterrupted success.

MR. JOHN E. REDMOND, M.P., left the city last Wednesday evening for Louisville, Ky., where he spoke New Year's night. He will speak in Denver, Colo., on Jan. 3. Before leaving Chicago, Mr. Redmond was the guest of Maj. M. P. Handy, of the Times-Herald, at a dinner given in honor of the distinguished visitor.

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. Harry G. Forker, managing editor of the Chicago Chronicle, which occurred at his home in this city on Tuesday night. His malady was consumption. Mr. Forker was one of the brightest and most promising of Chicago journalists.

GOVR.-ELECT JOHN R. TANNER and Miss Cora Edith English were married at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Springfield, Ill., the Right Rev. Bishop Seymour officiating, assisted by the Rev. F. W. Taylor, at noon on Wednesday. The wedding was a brilliant social affair, and was attended by many of the leading men of the country. We wish the governor-elect and his bride a full measure of happiness and prosperity.

MR. E. M. LAHIFF, of The Times-Herald, has been appointed chairman of the County Civil Service Board by President Healy.

WE wonder if Queen Victoria when, according to recent English report, she stopped drinking, took the Keeley cure?

### LINES TO THE SISTERS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

'Mid the silent hush of the cloister,
Where vesper anthems swell,
In deeds of love and kindness,
A band of virgins dwell.

In robes of creamy whiteness,
As pure as the forms they enfold,
Shedding a lustre around them
More fair than the brightest gold.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd
Here follow the Master's call,
Cheering the weak and lowly
And breathing peace to all.

Home, friends and parents
Are only things of the past;
Toiling, prayer and suffering
Alone is their daily task.

What matters if the roses
Have faded from their cheeks!
Are they not helping their Master
To bring back His "wandering sheep?"

Prevailing the weak and tempted
To shun the path of sin,
Their doors are ever open
To let the wanderer in.

In hearts all torn and bleeding
They pour the balm of love,
Whispering words of comfort
As angels whisper above.

Though the road is rough and toilsome,
And the thorns pierce sharp and deep,
Their Master's smile will cheer them,
And make their burden sweet.

And if perchance a vision
Of bygone happy days,
Come flitting through the memory,
Like a beam of summer rays!

It's thrust away in a moment,
As a dream of long ago;
For Jesus and His little ones
Are all they wish to know.

Like a cluster of sweet scented flowers
They wear their young lives away;
Laying them down for their Master
In charity's mission each day.

Till wasted, wan and exhausted,
They sink to rise no more;
A whispered prayer, a sigh of love,
Then death, and all is o'er.

As the lily closes its petals
When fades the light of day,
Only to open on the morrow
More pure, more fair than yesterday.

So ends their earthly mission,
Sealed with their Master's kiss;
Only to wake in Heaven,
To everlasting bliss.

They pass through death's dark portals
Without a shadow of fear,
Whilst from the lips of Jesus
These blessed words they hear!

"Well done, My Spouse, My Sister!
The crown is prepared for thee,
For what thou hast done for those little ones
Thou hast done it unto Me!"

### THE GHOST OF THE RATH.

BY M. L. DENNY.

[*Dublin Weekly Freeman.*]

Thaddeus Murphy, or, as he was popularly styled in his neighborhood, "long-headed Thady," was a snug, county Limerick farmer. His neat, pretty cottage, and rosy, happy wife and children were the admiration of the country for miles round, and each day by his own good sense and industry, his farm was improving and the stock on it steadily increasing. Not that Thady was close fisted or self-seeking; on the contrary, a more good-natured or genial man could not well be found. His open countenance, with its clear blue eyes and friendly smile, was a true index to the honest heart which beat under his decent frieze waistcoat.

Thady's cottage was situated close to a rath, and, sooth to tell, this fact was the only drawback to the good man's perfect content and happiness. He was, like a good many of his fellow-countrymen, superstitious to a degree, and it was his firm belief that the rath was the "happy hunting ground" of fairies, or, as they are generally called by the Irish peasantry, "little people." His wife and children shared with him this belief, and none of them would, if possible to avoid doing so, pass the dreaded rath after twilight had set in.

That the rath was haunted either by ghosts or fairies was the popular belief in Killsheera, where Thady and his family lived, and many were the blood-curdling stories related over blazing fires about the terrible things which were supposed to have been seen or heard there.

Micky Mulligan, Thady's nearest neighbor, would persist that he had at times seen mysterious lights flashing through the trees in the rath, and almost everybody had some terrible experience of his own relating to the haunted rath.

One evening in the dreary month of November Mrs. Murphy sat on her cleanly swept hearth, diligently knitting a long grey stocking. Thady sat opposite smoking his pipe in comfortable silence, and beside him, on a creepie stool, was his eldest son, young Thady, conning by the ruddy firelight his tasks for the next day's school.

Leaning against her mother's side was Rosie, the youngest and fairest flower of the Murphy family, a golden-haired child of five. A pretty girl of ten or eleven, Maureen, was busily arranging dishes on the dresser in the background, and two little boys of seven and eight were playing marbles in the middle of the floor with much noise and clatter.

"Will ye whisht, Tommy and Micky?" their mother said when the noise had got deafening. "What do ye mane by raisin' the roof o' the house wud yer noise?"

"Arrah, let the craturs play, Molly, agra machree," said her husband, puffing away contentedly. "Shure, if they have got off their tashks, what's to hindher thim?"

"Ah, they're the spoiled gossoons," Mrs. Murphy said, with a smiling shake of the head, as the needles flew like lightning in her dexterous hands.

The wind roared outside and the boys became even noisier, but suddenly through the howling of the storm and the loudness of the children's voices there came to the affrighted ears of the people in the cottage a long moaning shriek as of some one in wild agony.

"The Lord betune us an' all harm!" Mrs. Murphy ejaculated, dropping her knitting and clasping her hands in terror. "Did yis iver hear the like?"

Maureen flew to her mother, and the little boys, quiet enough now, buried their faces in their father's breast.

"Och, weirrasthru, weirrasthru, what is it, at all, at all?" Mrs. Murphy continued, as the shriek came again, louder this time. "Maureen, alanna, did yis bar the dure, child?"

"Yis, mother," the girl said faintly: "but shure if its the fairies they'd come in whether or no."

Thady senior and Thady junior had up to this time been the only calm ones, although their pallid faces showed that they also were much discomposed.

"Molly," the father said suddenly, with forced calmness, "its worse to-night than iver it wor."

"The saints presarve the onquiet sperrit," Mrs. Murphy exclaimed, as she tenderly essayed to soothe the fears of her terrified children, "an' lay it aisy an' peaceful in its restin' place."

Cowering over the now dying fire, the family listened shudderingly to the unnatural shrieks which came at intervals and finally ceased altogether, when pale and trembling, they retired to rest

The next morning rose bright and clear, and the Murphy family, with the contradicteriness peculiar to Irish blood were as cheerful and happy as if ghosts and fairies were beings which never entered into their mental calculations.

Having sent the children off to the National school and set her cottage to rights, Mrs. Murphy betook herself to preparing the midday meal. As she was washing the potatoes outside the door, a queer-looking old man slowly made his way up the winding path which led to the house. He was clothed in rags which scarcely covered his almost skeleton frame, and around his corpse-like face scant locks of gray hair hung thickly. His eyes gleamed with incipient insanity, and his fleshless lips seemed to be in a constant state of movement.

"Good morrow to ye, Jerry," Mrs. Murphy said gaily, raising herself from her tub of potatoes.

"Good morrow kindly, Mrs. Murphy, ma'am. Good morrow, good morrow," mumbled the old man.

"Come in an' take an' air o' the fire," the good woman said, opening the half door of the cottage and ushering him in. "Shure ye poor cratur, ye're almost dead wid the cowld."

"Och, cowld, is it? Cowld! I am cowld—that."

Mrs. Murphy drew up a straw-bottomed chair to the fire, on which the old man sat down, gasping and mumbling.

"I'll get ye a cup o' tay in a minnit," his hostess said, putting a kettle of water on the hook which hung over the fire. "I'll lay ye, now, ye ate nothin' today."

"Sorra a taste, ma'am—sorra a taste," old Jerry muttered.

"Poor sowl. Well, ye're always welkim to a bit or sup here, avick."

She soon put before him a basin of steaming tea and some home-made bread and butter, which the old man attacked like a famished wolf. Having finished his meal he drew his chair once more to the fire, and spread his shaking clawlike hands over the cheering blaze.

"Did yis hear any noise last night?" he asked, turning his cavernous eyes slowly on the bustling form of Mrs. Murphy.

"Noise, inagh? Troth, that we did," she answered, her bright face becoming grave, "enough to waken the sivin sleepers."

"Aye, aye—aye, indeed!" ejaculated old Jerry. "The ghost iv the rath, the ghost iv the rath. I h'ard it too. Nivir you go next or near that rath, Mrs. Murphy; a curse'll come on ye if ye do."

"Is it me go nixt or near the rath, Jerry, sowl? I see meself, indeed; I'd be long sorry. Oh, no, jewel, Molly Murphy has too much sense for that. Tell me, Jerry"—with a coaxing look at the mumbling old man, "did ye iver see anything there?"

"Aye, did I hundhreds o' times. A dhreadful figure, all dhressed in grave clothes, an' wid great glarin' eyes. Oh, Lord—oh, Lord," rocking himself to and fro dementedly. "Nivir go nixt or near the place, Mrs. Murphy, dear—niver do."

Mrs. Murphy placed her pot of potatoes on the fire, and then taking her knitting seated herself opposite to Jerry with a moody air.

"Betune you an' me, Jerry," she said with a sigh, "I'm gettin' afeerd to be livin' so near that same rath, although I hope I may be forgivin' for sayin' it, seein' how we've always thriv in the place; but its an awful price to pay for our prosperity, havin' to live near a ha'nted rath."

"Misfortun' 'ill follow ye if ye remain much longer," muttered Jerry in a prophetic way; "an' that I'd be sarry for, Mrs. Murphy, for root an' branch ye're a dacint family, an' have been a good frind to ould mad Jerry."

He rose without another word and hobbled out of the cottage.

"Misfortun' 'ill follow us," murmured Mrs. Murphy when he had gone. "Hivin avert it; but if its to come it'll come."

And it did come. From that day, strange to tell, trouble began to cloud the hitherto happy and bright Murphy family. Their cows died one by one of of a strange sudden disease; their potatoes were frostbitten and became useless. Each day, in fact a fresh misfortune visited them until, about a fortnight before Christmas, the climax seemed to have been reached in the sudden illness of the pet and darling child, Rosie. This worst blow of all robbed the brave mother of fortitude, and almost prostrated her with grief. But after a day or two she became calm again, and would sit for hours with Rosie's wasted form on her lap, watching with keen but quiet anxiety every change in the small white face.

Christmas Eve came, a sad Christmas Eve for the poor Musphys. It seemed almost incredible the change which had come over the family in six short weeks, for now they seemed as poverty-stricken as they had once been thriving, owing to their recent heavy losses; so that, in spite of poor Thrady's pretended hopefulness, this was a very dismal Christmas Eve indeed. Rosie had reached the crisis of her disease, and the doctor had told Mrs. Murphy in the morning that there was very little hope, so that at any moment the pure child-spirit might take flight. Little Maureen had made a good fire, and the children sat around it silently.

Outside the snow lay thick on the ground, and Thady, coming in towards afternoon, had brought quantities on his thick brogues.

"How's the girsha, Molly?" he asked.

His wife shook her head, and he gloomily seated himself at the fire.

Suddenly a low tap came at the door, and on its being opened old Jerry entered.

"Save all here," he said in his mumbling voice.

"Save you, Jerry. Come over to the fire," Mrs Murphy said, raising her eyes for a moment from her sick child.

"How's the child?" the old man asked as he obeyed, and sank a quivering, gasping heap into a chair. "Dead?"

"Oh, no, no—not dead, Jerry!" the mother moaned, pressing the little figure to her breast in wild emotion. "The breath o' life is in her still. Oh, Heaven spare my darlin' to me."

"I tould ye misforthun' 'ud follow ye," Jerry muttered, with a baleful gleam in his wild eyes. "I warned ye. The ghost o' the rath 'ill never rest aisy in its grave till ye're out o' this."

"What do you mane, Jerry?" Thady said, fiercely. "Why do ye frighten the wife an' childher' wid yer sthories? Why should I lave the home where I've been so happy an' prosperous for such a nonsensical raison?"

"A nonsensical raison, do ye call it?" the old man almost shouted in strangely wild anger. "An' do ye gainsay that there's a ghost in the rath?"

Thady looked wonderingly at old Jerry, who appeared hideous under this new guise of uncontrollable anger.

"For hivin's sake, Jerry, compose yerself, man," he said quietly. "I have throuble widout your bringin' more here."

"Well, all I say, Thady Murphy, is—there is a ghost in the rath, an' you beware o' it."

He became silent, only muttering at intervals in his thick beard. Thady smoked his pipe and glanced at the old man from time to time curiously and furtively. Jerry remained for some time longer, and then got up and went out without saying a word.

The hours passed slowly on. Night set in, and a full moon rose on the snow-covered earth. The children became sleepy and went to bed, and still Thady and his wife sat on, each wrapped in mournful thought.

Suddenly rose on the night air the blood-curdling shriek wl[illegible] so well and dreaded so i[illegible]

Rosie opened her [illegible] fright. Mrs. Murphy shu[illegible] the child closer. Thad[illegible] ately and took down the gun which was fixed over the fireplace.

"For the love o' hivin, what are ye goin' to do?" Mrs. Murphy exclaimed.

"I'm goin' to the rath," Thady answered, with stern-set lips.

"To the rath? Are ye mad, Thady Murphy? Do you want to kill us wid throuble out an' out? Did ye hear what ould Jerry said? an' he knows."

"He knows," Thady repeated, with a strange look. "Well, I'll know the mystery o' the rath before this night's out, Molly. Don't be afeared: I'll come to no harm."

Saying which he unbarred the door and went out into the moonlight. He walked in the direction of the rath. It was situated on a slight eminence quite close to the cottage. As Thady approached he heard again the awful cry. His heart stood still for a moment with terror, but pinching up courage he kept on his way and entered the rath. A bright light flitted will-o'-the-wisp fashion before him through the trees, and Thady undauntedly followed its course. Suddenly it stood still in a small cleared space, and now Thady could see that it was a lantern held unsteadily by somebody or something clothed in a long trailing white garment. He boldly walked up to the figure and seized hold of it. A struggle ensued, during which the white garment fell from Thady's mysterious opponent, disclosing the tattered figure of old Jerry.

"I thought as much," Thady exclaimed. "Now, Jerry, what in hivin is the manin' iv all this?"

The wretched old man answered not, but glowered in his most baleful manner at Thady. His corpse-like face was terrible with rage and fear and a strong shadow which seemed to be creeping over it. All of a sudden he threw up his hands and fell heavily to the ground.

Thady went down on one knee beside the prostrate figure and laid a hand on Jerry's heart. It beat very feebly, but the old man was alive and conscious, although evidently in a dying state.

"Thady—Thady Murphy," he said faintly. "I'm dyin', an' I want to confess before me breath goes. Bind down yer ear."

Thady did so, and gently placed his arms under the dying man's head.

"Forty years ago, Thady," the feeble voice went on, "I murdhered a man on this very spot. He was a rich man, an' I decoyed him here o' a winther's night whin he was comin' from a fair loaded wid money. Oh, avick, machree, howld me up higher or the breath 'll lave me altogether. Yis, I decoyed him here and kilt him wid me blackthorn, an' thin, on this very spot where I'm lyin', I hid his body."

Thady shuddered with horror as the old man unfolded his ghastly tale.

"God forgive ye, Jerry," he said, solemnly. "Commind yer sowl to Him now—there is no time to be losht."

Jerry seemed to have sunk into the stupor of death, and heeded not the words addressed to him. Then the flame of life sprang up once more, giving in those last grave moments supernatural strength to the old man.

"I niver spint his money," he gasped, seizing Thady's hand spasmodically. "It's berrid wud him—in his belt. I couldn't touch it not if I wor dyin' wid hunger. All his friends are dead an' gone long ago; so the money is yours, Thady, in this spot," feebly beating the snowy ground beneath him.

"An'—the ghost o' the rath?" Thady said interrogatively.

"I was the ghost of the rath, Thady. I frightened the people away for fear they'd find out the murdher, an'—an', Thady, I poisoned yer cows. I did all I could to turn ye agin yer home that ye might lave the place."

"God forgive ye, Jerry." Thady said again with a sad shake of the head.

"Good-bye, Thady," the dying man gasped, the death-rattle sounding ominously in his throat. "Ye'll be a prosperous man agin, and ye desarve it. Lord—have—mercy!"

The brilliant last gleam of life faded dully in the sunken eyes. Old Jerry fell back dead.

The remainder of the story is soon told. Thady brought the tale of his Christmas Eve adventure to the nearest police barracks, honestly relating what had happened in the rath on that eventful night, and sure enough, in that very spot old Jerry had indicated the skeleton of a man was found embedded deep in the ground. The clothes which had at one time covered the living frame had long ago become rotten. Fastened around the waist was a leather belt which was heavy with gold, and on the skeleton third finger was a ring of much value.

In spite of the strictest inquiries nothing could be brought to light about the murdered man's history, and it was eventually proved that he had no living relation; so at last and with many scruples Thady became the ultimate possessor of a very large quantity of money.

And more cows were purchased, and little Rosie became strong and bright again, and—well, the Murphy family lived happy ever after, and the ghost of the rath was laid forever.

### BOG CREATES TERROR.

DUBLIN, Dec. 29.—The moving Kerry bog is still mysteriously and destructively gliding toward the little town of Rathmore on the Flesk river.

It is an uncanny spectacle—this moving bog. It is not a slandslide. It is too ghostly and slow for that description.

Panic prevails in the region around Rathmore and the people are fleeing for their lives, many of them spurred to flight by a superstitious fear more than anything else.

At latest accounts the bog was moving in the direction of the Lakes of Killarney parallel to the Flesk river. Dead cattle, horses and pigs are being swept down the river into the lakes.

The river is beginning to overflow its banks, and there is fear that the country to the south will be flooded. This would mean the absolute ruin of the potato crop, which has just been deposited for the winter in pits.

In addition to the killing of the Donely family, who lived close to Rathmore, two other bodies have been found a mile distant from the scene of the disaster.

Visitors to the Lakes of Killarney will henceforward be directed to view the scene of the "miracle"—as it is already being called—for the moving bog is not many miles from the famous [illegible] the people around have t[illegible] about the mysterion[illegible] out the bog sailing and sinking original anchorage.

Although the immediate vicinity of the lakes show every sign of advanced civilization the districts around Rathmore where the bog started from are inhabited by people who are exceedingly primitive in their ideas and in their manners and customs.

Stories are being told of strange lights having appeared in the sky at about the time the bog began its coarse toward the River Flesk, and the "Banshee's" cries were heard by hundreds near Muckross Abbey, which is believed by many to be visited nightly by the spirits of the monks who occupied it in days gone by when Ireland was the island of saints and scholars.

Legends that are as ancient as the hills of Kerry are being resurrected and altered so as to fit the circumstances of the drifting of the bog, and it is evident that in days to come "the night that the fairies put their backs under the bog and moved it toward Rathmore" will be as common an expression as is "the night of the big wind."

The proverbial hospitality of the Irish people is being shown in this, the great hour of distress and horror in the Castle Island district. Houses of all descriptions are open to give shelter to the refugees, who have been compelled by the hideous, moving morass to abandon their little homes.

It is only too evident already that the victims will need prompt assistance. Nothing remains of scores of small "holdings" and farms, and provision must be made to feed the people who have been cast upon the world by one of the most singular occurrences of the century.

The latest news received tonight was to the effect that the destructive movement of the bog had finally ceased.

Ex-Alderman Maurice O'Connor is a County Kerry man. He visited the locality where the disaster is said to have occurred, only last summer, and, speaking of the reported catastrophe, said: "I think the affair is much exaggerated. From recollection of the county, made more vivid by a visit last summer, I do not believe the sliding of the bog could have been as destructive as has been reported. As for the quagmire being drifted into the Lakes of Killarney, I regard that as impossible."

Born and raised within ten miles of Rathmore, and not many years away from there, John Wolfe, 63 West Huron street, says: "I do not believe a word of the report. If the bog has broken away it could not have done the damage alleged. And I do not believe it has, or can make a run of twelve miles over level ground to the Lakes of Killarney. I think the story a scare, and give it no belief."

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### GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

**Feis Tighe Chonain Chinn Shleibhe Sona**

(LEANTA).

"Léig as, a Fhinn," ar Conán, "óir is gairid linn bheith ag caomhneas comhrádh le chelle gus d-tráta, agus abair liom anois cá n-deárnadh an Dord Fhiann ar d-tús i n-Eirinn, agus cá líon do bhi agá déanamh?"

"A déarsa a fhirinne sin riot," ar Fionn, "Trí mic Cearmada Milbheoil mhic an Deaghaidh, do rinne i n-Eirinn ar d-tús i; Eathoir, Ceathoir, agus Teathoir a n-anmanna; agus naenbhar do bhi d'a seilm; agus Fátha mic Conáin do rinne 'nna dhiaigh sin é; agus naenbhar do chanadh leis é, no go ráinig sí mise: agus caegad chanas liomsa é, gurab é sin fuasgladh do cheiste, a Chonáin," ar Fhionn.

"Beir buaidh agus beannacht," ar Conán, "agus innis dam anois cáirdeacht Bhrain agus Sgeolaing riot; cionnos fuarais iad, agus cia na trí mic máthar do bhi aca i bh-Fiannaighecht?"

"Inneosad sin duit," ar Fionn. "Feacht n-aon d'á d-táinig mo mháthair ar cuairt chugamsa, eadhon, Murrsing Mungchaomh inghion Thaidhg mhic Nuaghat, agus a deirbhshiur maille ré, eadhon, Turrain inghion Thaidhg; agus do bhi dá righ Féinne Uladh am fhochaisre; Iollann Eachtach, agus Feargas Fionnmhór, dá mhac Cais Cualigne; agus do bhi Iollann Eachtach ag sáirighe ré Turrainn, agus do ghrádhuigh go mór í; agus tugass dhó í ar coibhthe, eadhon, ar a fághail sián dam an tan do tarfainn í, agus slánadh maithe na Féinne leis sin; agus is é ádhbhar fá n-deara dham sin, eadhon, leannán mná sighe do bhi ag Iollann, eadhon, Uchtdealbh, inghion righ Collein Féidhlime: agus do b'eagal liomsa i do mhilleadh Thurrainne, gurab ar sin thugas as mo láimh féin a láimh Oisin í, agus thug Oisin a láimh Caoilte í, agus thug Caoilte a láimh mhic Lúghaidh í, agus thug mac Lúghaidh a láimh Dhiarmada Uí Dhuibhne í, thug Diarmaid a láimh Ghoill mhic Mórne í, thug Goll a láimh Lúghaidh Lámha mac Eoghain Taillgh í, agus thug Lúghaigh a láimh Iollann Eachtaigh í. 'Is amhlaidh bheirim an inghion duit,' ar Lúghaidh, 'eadhon, an tan is mithid le Fionn a h-iarraidh, tusa d'á tabhairt dó slán mar is dual.'"

(*Translation*)

**The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann-Sleibhe.**

"Cease, O Fionn, replied Conan, "for it seems but a short time as yet that we have been engaged in pleasant conversation; and now tell me where the Dord Fiann was first made in Erin, and how many men were employed in making it?"

"I will tell you the truth about that matter," said Fionn. "Eathoir, Ceathoir, and Teathoir, the three sons of Cearmad Milbheoil, son of Deaghadh, were those who first made it in Erin; and nine men were accustomed to play upon it. Fatha, son of Conan, made it after that; and nine men were wont to perform upon it, until it reached my time, and I employ fifty men to play it: so this is the solution of your question, O Conan," said Fionn.

"Win victory and blessings," said Conan, "and inform me what kindred have Bran and Sceoluing to you, where it was you found them, and who were the three half-brothers by the mother's side: that they had in the Fenian ranks?"

"I will tell you about that," said Fionn, "Muirrion Mungcaemh, daughter of Tadhg, son of Nuaghat, my mother, once paid me a visit, on which occasion she was accompanied by her sister, Tuirrean, daughter of Tadhg; there were at that same time with me two princes, chiefs of the Fenians of Ulster, Iollann Eachtach and Fergus Fionnmor, sons of Cas Cuailgne. Iollann Eachtach was paying his addresses to Tuirreann and was deeply in love with her, and I gave her to him in marriage upon certain conditions, namely, that she should be restored safe to me whenever I demanded her, and that the Fenian chiefs should become sureties for her safe return. The reason I demanded that was, Iollann was attended by a familiar female spirit named Uchtdealbh (Fairbosom), daughter of the King of Coillen Feidhlim, and being apprehensive she might destroy Tuirreann, I therefore gave her from my hand into that of Oisin; Oisin gave her into the hand of Caoilte; Caoilte gave her into the hand of Mac Luigheach; Mac Luigheach gave her into the hand of Diarmaid O'Duibhne; Diarmaid gave her into the hand of Goll, son of Moirne; Goll gave her into the hand of Lughaidh Lamha, son of Eoghan Taileach; and Lughaidh gave her into the hand of Iollann Eachtach, saying: 'I deliver to you this young woman upon condition that when Fionn thinks proper to demand her, you shall restore her safe as in duty bound.'"

(LE BHEITH LEANTA).

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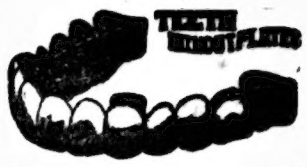

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COOK COUNTY—ss. In the County Court of Cook County. All parties interested are hereby notified that on the 8th day of December, A. D. 1896, William Bradley and J. B. Wilming, of Evanston, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, by their deed of assignment of that date duly recorded in the office of the County Clerk of said county, assigned and transferred to me as Assignee all their property, real and personal, for the benefit of their creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning voluntary assignments. You are further notified and requested to present your claims, if any you may have against the said William Bradley and J. B. Wilming, under oath or affirmation to me at my office, Room 34, 90 LaSalle-st., City of Chicago, in said county, within three months from this date.

HENRY D. BAKER, Assignee.

Chicago, Dec. 9, 1896.
McCallum & Flanagan, Attorneys.

JOHN J. KINNANE, ATTORNEY, 59 DEARBORN-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County, December Term, A. D. 1896. Frank W. Wilcox, vs. Sophia A. Wilcox. In Chancery, No. 179,274.

Notice is hereby given to the said Sophia A. Wilcox that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said Court on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of January, A. D. 1897, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. LINN, Clerk.

John J. Kinnane, Compl'ts Sol'r.

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